

The Sketch



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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
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MISS ADA REEVE IN "ALL ABROAD," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

At what age do we leave off playing the fool? This question seems to be agitating suburban bosoms in the columns of a daily print. Herne Hill calls unto Clapham, and Brixton answers Highbury. Spinsters, still hanging on the wall, like peaches missed by the sun, feel indignant thrills, no doubt, when they read that, after thirty, no one can love to distraction. The oracle who lays down this dictum describes thirty as middle-age, when the heyday in the blood is tame, as Hamlet, in a misanthropic fit, reminded his mother. I have always wondered that Gertrude bore this so placidly. She took a second husband, who must have been more cheerful company than her "precedent lord"; and to be told she was too old to love, that "rebellious hell" did "mutine" in her bones, ought to have been intolerable to a woman of spirit. But the man who tells me that thirty is the age when the witchery of life deserts us, is much madder than Hamlet's "Nor'-Nor'-West," or whatever his postal district may be. No glorious, unreasoning frenzy, no blind and crazy infatuation after thirty! When Sam Rogers was ninety, and a woman pretended to be afraid of his wiles, he said, "Ah, give me back sweet seventy-eight. *Mais ces beaux jours sont passés!*" Does our thirtieth birthday banish our *beaux jours* into perpetual night? 'Ods lath-keys and rope-ladders! Are ye lean and slippered pantaloons, ye men of thirty? If I am a little excited on this point, it is not because the thirtieth milestone is some distance behind me on the dusty highway; but I know so many roaring blades of thirty-five and upwards, that I cannot see this slur put upon them without a protest.

Of course, it is a man who fixes this absurd term for our sweetest foolishness, as if "Join hands and down the middle-age" were the chilling injunction to every pair from the master of the ceremonies. You do not find a woman in this blunder. The "wife of a professor" tells us that, when she married, she was thirty-three and her husband thirty-nine, and that she lived through all that Burns, Byron, Scott, Pope, and Shakspeare ever dreamed of the love of a girl. This speaks well for the professor. Do not tell me that under the forbidding exterior of an Oxford Don there lurks no Romeo, yearning to be a glove on the hand of the Juliet, who wishes him cut up into little stars, and set in the sky to wink for ever at balconies! I am sorry the professor's spouse does not give his name, so that undergraduates may warm to him "in the High," and budding Anacreons catch inspiration from his gown. This is no time for anonymity; too much is at stake when a hideous parsimony would curtail by a decade even that span of which the great humorist sang, "Wait till you come to forty year." I want to see more candour in this business. Let all the thirty-year-olders come out with banners flying, emblazoned with their names and addresses, to proclaim an unlimited capacity for playing the fool. Why should they submit to be treated like the gentleman in the "Hunting of the Snark"?—

They roused him with muffins, they roused him with ice,
They roused him with mustard and cress,
They roused him with jam and judicious advice,
They set him conundrums to guess.

This is not the nourishment for swains of thirty odd; the motto of everyone should be, "Now could I drink hot blood!"

But, as I have said, it is a man who would fasten this yoke upon us, because the vanity of men, when they turn philosophers, passes belief. Not long ago I read a homily against the novel: how it was losing its hold over thoughtful people of mature years who had put away childish things, and cared no more to read of love, which the novelist treated as if it were the main interest of human affairs. Where are these ripe and passionless intellects? You look in vain for them among your acquaintance. Bless your simplicity, they don't exist; they are invented by the philosopher who wishes you to understand that he never plays the fool, but is rapt in an atmosphere far above the heads of the young and heedless. Women may be as vain as you please, but from this solemn affectation they are usually free. The wife of the professor frankly owns that it was from a novel of the affections that she drew the cardinal rule of her life; but I doubt whether the ardent professor himself would confess any obligation to similar lore. When a man arrives at what he supposes to be the philosophical epoch, he is tempted to assume the portentous gravity which hides the private gambol, and to persuade himself that he has passed through the Groves of Blarney to that vale of common sense which has no seductive shrubberies. Down there it is understood that everybody cultivates his plot of wisdom, and nobody plays the fool; yet we hear rumours from time to time of elderly simpletons who are said to skip like young rams. When a woman strolls out of the Groves, and

saunters into the vale, a lively commotion among the plots is often visible to the most casual observer. Sweet seventy-eight is not always indisposed to a third honeymoon; and I have heard of unphilosophical diversions which even the most discreet metaphor could scarcely veil.

Playing the fool, then, is a delight that stretches over the whole gamut of our mortality; but the sport has sometimes a dubious philosophy of its own. When this agreeable delirium which keeps us all young, even the men of thirty, translates itself into the axioms of the little volume called "Women, Love, and Life," it is like the cap and bells trying to accompany a Gregorian chant. The author of this book wishes to be the Thomas-à-Kempis of our *fantasiècle*. I suggest this with some diffidence, for to the critic of his work he gives some plain warnings. "You will wrest some warped meaning out of it, and utter a platitude . . . not knowing that a stronger pulse beats in these pages than ever did in your heart." He specifies the precise moment when the reader's pulse is strongest; and, though I am inclined to say "Pulse me no pulses," I shrink from competition with a man who seems to work his arteries with a pump. Dear Thomas-à-Kempis, I have endeavoured to avoid the platitude; but, believe me, you play the fool with too much earnestness; you are not playful at all, but pontifical, a sad mistake; you have arranged your masterpiece as if it were a manual of devotion, with commination for Pharisees, and absolution for the man who lives and dies like a hog, and of whom you would ask us to say, "with true men's pity in our eyes, 'If he had but loved!'" I fear it is not pity, dear Thomas, that will answer your appeal, but derision of your lack of humour. This is still more painfully obvious in the little paper, printed like a collect, in which you extol the holiness of ankles, and indulge in other rhapsodies, which, though not of your religious temper, I find it inconvenient to repeat. Now, a great writer, one Balzac, in his "Physiologie du Mariage," which Mr. George Saintsbury classifies as a "skit," has treated all these matters with infinite knowledge and wit, and the finest sense of proportion. Thomas, I am verging on the platitude, but I must say that you have none of these qualities. At least, you might try to be skittish; that could be forgiven to you, if you did it pretty well. But this liturgy of ankles!

No one who does me the honour to read this page will accuse me of squeamishness. I have hurled no malison at what is called the advanced school of English fiction; I have submitted with exemplary patience to the women who didn't, and mustn't, and couldn't. But the "Woman Who Wouldn't" is too much for me. It is evidently the work of a lady who, for some un conjecturable reason, has chosen to call herself Lucas Cleeve. We all know Lucas. He is the man in Mr. Pinero's play who leaves his wife, takes up with Mrs. Ebbsmith, and wants to play the fool on a somewhat lower plane than the ambition of "mad Agnes." But the woman who has borrowed his name has an exalted mission; she yearns to prevent loveless marriages and to check frivolous flirtations; and she has written a story which is the most indecent drivel I have ever read. The heroine is an idiot who has the nauseous idea that, when she marries, she ought to live with her husband as his "loving sister." She is eventually converted from this abomination by a twaddling old woman, who tells her that the divine mission of Eve is the redemption of man by the relations of the sexes! There are scenes between the husband and wife which make the most frankly immoral French novel wholesome by contrast. They have not even the merit of piquancy, for the indelicacy is varnished with shallow silliness. If it is any comfort to this pseudo-Lucas Cleeve to know that she makes me ill, I wish her joy.

If you want to play the fool, you must do it blithely, without sentimental preface; above all, without any profession of a desire to better the world. This is a vanity even worse than the philosopher's delusion that he has done for ever with the sovereign emotion which agitates the circulating library. What can be more lamentable than the mental condition of a person who believes the world can be bettered by this story of a "loving sister," her nincompoop husband, and salvation by a theology borrowed from the supposed confidences of Eve and the serpent? That is the sort of folly which grieves and exasperates the fools who wish to play the game fairly. Why should we be interrupted in our exquisite pastime by ladies with *aliases* that don't fit, with solemn preachments, ending in tales which, were it not for the unmistakable stamp of ignorance, would read like Boccaccio filtered through a tract? If this is the climax of the "new" fiction, then all the best traditions of playing the fool must rise in wrathful protest. Here I am an indomitable Conservative, pledged to uphold established institutions, of which the inalienable right of man and woman, at all ages, to make fools of themselves in the most delightfully natural way, is specially sacred.



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"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY," AT THE AVENUE.

The vitality of "The Private Secretary" is one of the wonders of
latter-day theatrical history. It is twelve years since Mr. Charles
Hawtreay adapted Von Moser's amusing farce for the English stage, and
since that time the poor little curate, despite his hypochondria, has been
wandering over the face of the globe, and has at last returned to town;
for Mr. Hawtreay, taking up managership again for the nonce, has
revived the play at the Avenue, himself playing the part of the giddy
young Cattermole, while his brother is the choleric bearer of the same
name. Mr. Willis Searle, as the Rev. Robert Spalding, is scarcely so
amusing as Mr. Arthur Helmore, who created the part, or as Mr. Penley,
who elaborated it; it is because he does not give himself up to the
spirit of wild burlesque which inspired his predecessors. The fashion of
farce has changed since "The Private Secretary" was first produced,
and yet the piece, with the somewhat irrelevant spirit-rapping business
and its general horse-play, kept the Avenue audience in such a roar of
laughter that one might have imagined oneself at the initial performance.

The municipal authorities at Tokio have lately been finding out that
more than microscopical troubles may arise from microscopes, and,
indeed, they have been exposed to quite a storm of indignation for having
refused the application from sanitary men to provide each police-station
with a microscope. Their request spurned, the medical officers of Tokio
have been threatening to strike in a body. I don't suppose that the
police-court people in more westerly lands trouble their heads much with
regard to the supply of scientific instruments. Clearly Japan is miles
ahead in such matters.

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No. 2. SEPTEMBER 1895.

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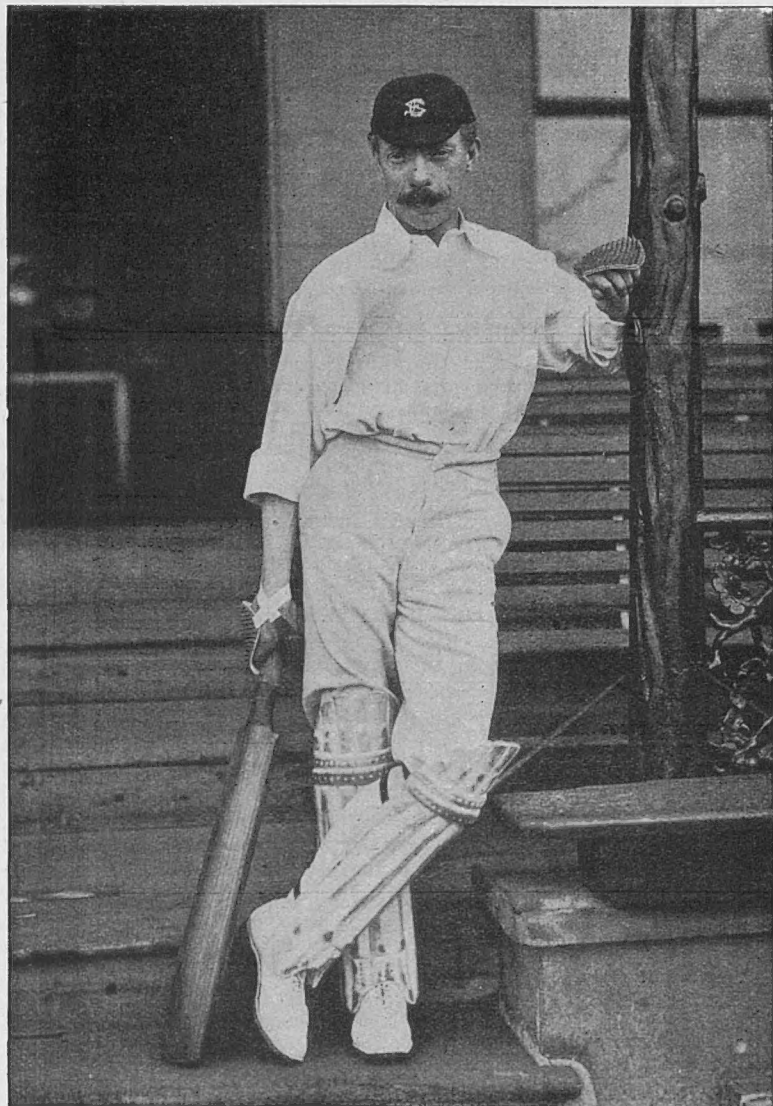
Earl Houghton, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in the "National Review," July 1895, says: "At this
moment really good accommodation can be obtained at easy distances along this whole route, and when
the Southern Hotels Company have completed their new hotels and their additions to existing houses, there
will be little to which the most critical traveller could take exception."

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Dublin.—Illustrated Guide sent gratis and post free on application to
Kingsbridge, Dublin.
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ABEL AND RICHARDSON.

Photographs by Symmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane.

There can be no doubt that Surrey owes its position as champion county to the exceptional performances of these two men. Abel, with the bat, has, in point of real merit, been beaten only by "W. G." himself. Although Abel has been before the public as a first-class cricketer for over fifteen years, he has never had such a successful season as 1895. He has scored over 2000 runs in 48 innings. His top score was 217. Richardson is not merely at the top of the county bowling averages,



ABEL.

but he has actually captured more wickets this season than any bowler ever accomplished in first-class cricket in a similar period. Up to Saturday, Sept. 7, he had secured 279 wickets, at an average of just over 14 runs per wicket. Considering that the present season has been all in favour of batsmen, his record is the more wonderful. His Australian tour apparently did him no harm. It is now generally admitted that Richardson is the greatest fast bowler in the world.

L'ENVOI TO CRICKET.

The year is waning to its close;
The blood-red autumn leaves
Cover the summer grass beneath
The gaunt pavilion eaves.
Retiring Cricket yields her place
To Football's rising sway;
Come, umpire, in thy long white coat,
And take the stumps away.
Triumphant Grace has run his course,
Though still to memory dear
Lingers the record of his feats
And England's hearty cheer;
But the goal-posts are a-painting,
And Cricket's had her day.
So, umpire, in thy long white coat,
Come, take the stumps away!
The verging year brings chilly air
As Time unfolds his scrolls,
Congenial to the duller day
The ampler football rolls.
The parting umpire waves his hand;
He ends where we begin;
Come, craftsman, here are last year's marks,
Deep drive the goal-posts in!

J. W. M.

"THE CHILI WIDOW."

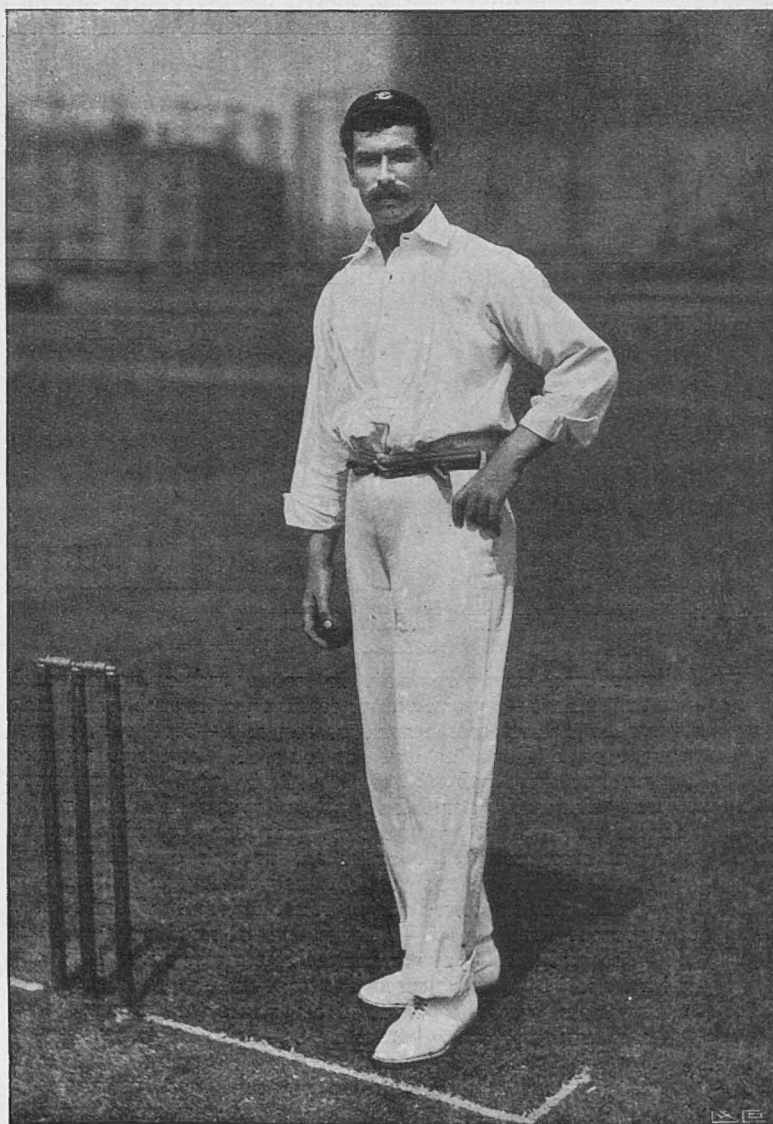
Since nature, in that process of evolution which may be called adaptation, rarely fails to leave traces of the original—such as the rudimentary legs of the boar—it is not surprising that human adapters of plays betray themselves. Does not the line "I have had no chance to-day" occur in "A Pair of Spectacles"? By setting their version of "Monsieur le Directeur" in England, Messrs. Bouchier and Sutro have courted difficulties that they have not conquered. The French play was a fairly lifelike skit on the influence of petticoats in bureaucracy; whether the bicyclette pantaloons or zouave of the ladies of modern France will have the influence of the petticoats they threaten to oust is an interesting question. "The Chili Widow" is mere farce in foundation, without a touch of truth in dealing with the Civil Service.

Is the piece the better or the worse for this? I can hardly say. It is a curious, interesting work that constantly promises to become "screamingly" funny, and threatens to be improper, but neither the threats nor promises are fulfilled. The expert, after the fashion of Professor Owen with the ichthyosaurus bone, can build up the original from the adaptation and shock himself; but plays, fortunately, are not written for experts, nor, unfortunately, always by them. One feels at times cheated out of a laugh, and sometimes, too, cheated into one. Why have not the authors in the rather empty third act developed the position of the mother-in-law? All that facial play could do was done by Miss Sophie Larkin to hint that she believed that her charms had won Martindale his post, and that Sir Reginald had come after her.

One must admire the *clou* of the piece. When the heroine, pursued by the amorous baronet, bumps against the pneumatic bells, and the room is promptly filled by clerks and messengers, one feels that it is a brilliant way of securing a funny effect and ending an awkward scene. What a pity that it did not end the act, instead of the old "chestnut" of the stammering man who has to write down his message about the fire.

However, if less than a masterpiece, "The Chili Widow" is more than a mediocrity, and, by its own humours and the ability of the playing, is a very pleasant entertainment, that well deserves a visit. Mr. Bouchier's is the best work he has done since "The Visit," and though he hardly suggested the character, he acted skilfully in a broad, humorous style. Miss Violet Vanbrugh was charming as the heroine—charming and ingenious, if hardly the Chili Widow—and her sister played prettily. Mr. Welton Dale would achieve more if he laboured less. Mr. W. Blakeley was funny in his own peculiar way, and there was merit in Mr. Kinghome and Mr. Hendrie. Mr. Cosmo Stuart is very clever; it is a pity that the touch of unhealthy effeminacy clings to his work.

MONOCLE.



RICHARDSON.

ABOUT THE BEERBOHM TREES.

The manager of the Haymarket Theatre and his charming wife were once dubbed "The Poplar Trees"—by our genial friend Frank Burnand, unless my memory plays me false. If you stray to their pretty little home in Sloane Street, and break upon their privacy, you will agree that the title is well deserved. Popular they are without any doubt. There goes the bell! What is it? An armful of country flowers for Mrs. Tree, left by a friend on her way from a station; or a present for one of the two little girls; or a telegram of congratulation for Mr. Tree. As to the letters which shower upon both actor and actress, they are enough to make the brain reel with confusion. In this they suffer in common with every other man or woman of any celebrity on the stage. Nobody has any pity upon the poor player. Here comes a note from a lady in reduced circumstances anxious to knit baby's shoes for ninepence the pair. Then another from a pittance who advises Tree to essay the part of Macbeth before very long; or Mrs. Tree to give another song in that plaintive little voice of hers in the production after the next. And it is positively cruel how every personal friend of a well-known actor or actress has at least half-a-dozen friends thirsting to adopt the stage as a profession. Tree tells me that a certain young man once applied to him for an engagement at the Haymarket, and, when asked his qualifications for entering the profession, replied, "that he had sustained internal injuries from a fall from a bicycle, and was unable to continue his present avocation"—whatever that may have been. This is but a solitary specimen of a type of application.

The Trees' daily life is, without doubt, a full and busy one, from every point of view. Mrs. Tree takes as little rest as her husband, and, besides rehearsing and acting, manages to fulfil an endless number of social engagements, read all the newest books, run through all the latest songs, do an enormous amount of shopping, and spend a good deal of time with her daughters, the eleven-year-old Viola and the eight months old "Felicity" (whose portraits, apropos, have already appeared in *The Sketch*), and who are the observed of all observers when they sally forth on their walks in Sloane Street, accompanied by a guardian of the actor's home in the person of a remarkably vituperative poodle, black as ink, and eccentric in his walk, by name "Bingo." They make a quaint group, these three.

And now I suppose it is my duty to say something about the home itself of the Trees; it is so original-looking, and furnished in such fanciful taste by its fair mistress. Mrs. Tree thought of a forget-me-not and its leaves, and forthwith gave orders that her front drawing-room should be distempered blue, and the back room a deep-green colour. You might imagine yourself in the country as you enter. The walls are white, panelled half-way up. There is a vision of flowery chintzes, of great glassfuls of roses and lilies—indeed, flowers are everywhere; and their scent is almost overpowering. While on tour in the provincial towns, Mrs. Tree often visits the old curiosity shops, and her quick eye alights upon many a quaint and pretty bit of silver, china, Chippendale chairs, corner cupboards, and I know not what else. The walls of both drawing-rooms are hung with a number of interesting pictures. A beautiful copy, for instance, of Rossetti's Virgin in the National Gallery, photographs by Hollyer after Watts and Burne-Jones, and several original sketches by Lady Granby in silver-point. The one of Tree in mufti is out and out the most clever portrait I know, and those of his wife and daughter are good, if less striking as likenesses. Photographs of Miss Ellen Terry abound. It would be surprising if this were not the case, for the Trees are ardent admirers of our most charming actress.

I must not forget one very striking object in the room, a great oak chest, with brass clamps, which once belonged to David Garrick, and was given by Lady Wantage to the Haymarket manager. The staircase at No. 77, Sloane Street, is not the least picturesque part of the house, carpeted with fluffy sea-green cloth, and, as you walk up and down, you catch peeps from the windows of old-fashioned gardens, green as green can be, and flowery, too, as London gardens go. The two tiny doorless rooms on the landings are papered fantastically, one with Birds of Paradise and great red flowers, and the other with a trellis-work of green, covered with yellow jessamine. The dining-room, again, is panelled, and hung with orange-and-yellow wall-paper. Here you are confronted by a life-size rocking-horse, and a doll as big as any child of nine of your acquaintance—the best-grown doll, in fact, in all London. Manuscripts, letters, copies of old and new plays, and cards of invitation, simply strew the escritoire by the window, and give evidence of the busy life of your host and hostess. A bust of Sir Henry Irving is upon the mantelpiece. At night-time the room makes a pretty picture of still life, when the amber-shaded electric light is turned on, and the glow softens the outlines of the quaint furniture and sparkles upon the silver and flowers on the table. While Mrs. Tree, in charming attire, dispenses hospitality, you might imagine yourself just in the middle of a picture of Orchardson's, and you might, if you chose, give it the name of "The Actor's Wife."

The Trees, like other distinguished members of their profession, are not limited in their talents. I know that Tree is an accomplished draughtsman, and that he always does a sketch of himself in any new "make-up" upon paper before beginning to paint his face. He is a good linguist, full of "ideas," too, as the saying goes. And Mrs. Tree is singularly versatile, musical to her finger-tips, and with a fine literary taste. Then she is something of a wit. Although she makes no effort to be brilliant in conversation, she cannot help herself saying smart things. I liked that last *mot* of hers—"Nothing in life ever comes off but buttons!"

THE PRODUCTION OF "TRILBY" IN ENGLAND.

Ought "Trilby" ever to have been dramatised? Of course, we all know how that fate befell it: the story had had an extraordinary vogue in America, and Mr. Paul Potter, "house-dramatist" to Mr. A. M. Palmer, of New York, thought he saw in it the germs of a play which would share the novel's popularity. The story would not do as it stood; but something could be made of it. The hypnotic element could be considerably strengthened; Svengali could form the central figure of the piece, and, with a few alterations and modifications, sufficient of the novel could be compressed into four acts to make an intelligible and agreeable drama.

Mr. Potter is certainly a skilful condenser. Note what he crams into his first act—a picture of the famous Paris studio; an indication of the characters of its tenants, the three English artists, Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee; a portrayal of the frankness and good-heartedness of Trilby, the Scoto-Irish "model"; a portrayal, even more marked, of the cunning and the power of Svengali, the German-Jew musician; Svengali's discovery of Trilby's magnificent voice, and of his hypnotic ascendancy over the girl; Trilby's sudden recognition of the degrading nature of her occupation, her love for Little Billee and her fear lest he has deserted her in disgust, her delight when he reappears and once more offers her the wedding-ring, which she now accepts. Pretty good this, for an opening act, is it not? But in Act II., the concentration of material is not less notable. We have the festivities in the studio, on the basis of the announcement of the young people's engagement; we have the arrival of Little Billee's mother, and Trilby's prompt acquiescence in the suggestion that she is not good enough for Billee; we have a scene—not in the novel—in which Svengali illustrates at once his physical weakness (brought on by the exercise of his hypnotic faculty), his cowardice in the face of the death (from heart-disease) which he has always feared, his nervous breakdown, and, immediately after, his reassertion of his power over Trilby, even to the dictation of a letter in which she announces to Little Billee that she is about to leave him.

This, also, is tolerably quick work: but the piece is well maintained. In the third act—five years having supposedly elapsed—we find Trilby accepted as a great singer on the strength of the feats of vocalisation which she performs when inspired by the strong will of Svengali; we find Svengali himself in the last stages of prostration, due to the great and constant drain upon his nervous force. We see the collision between Svengali and the three brethren of the brush, Trilby's total submission to the Jew, the Jew's physical and mental collapse, Trilby's consequent *exposé* in the concert-room (here shifted to Paris), and, finally, the decease of Svengali, *coram populo*. After this full supply of action, it seems unfair to complain that Act IV. contains little but the gradual dissolution of Trilby—a dissolution consummated finally when she is brought face to face, not with a photograph, as in the novel, but with a full-length portrait of Svengali, which resuscitates his mesmeric influence and saps her small remaining strength.

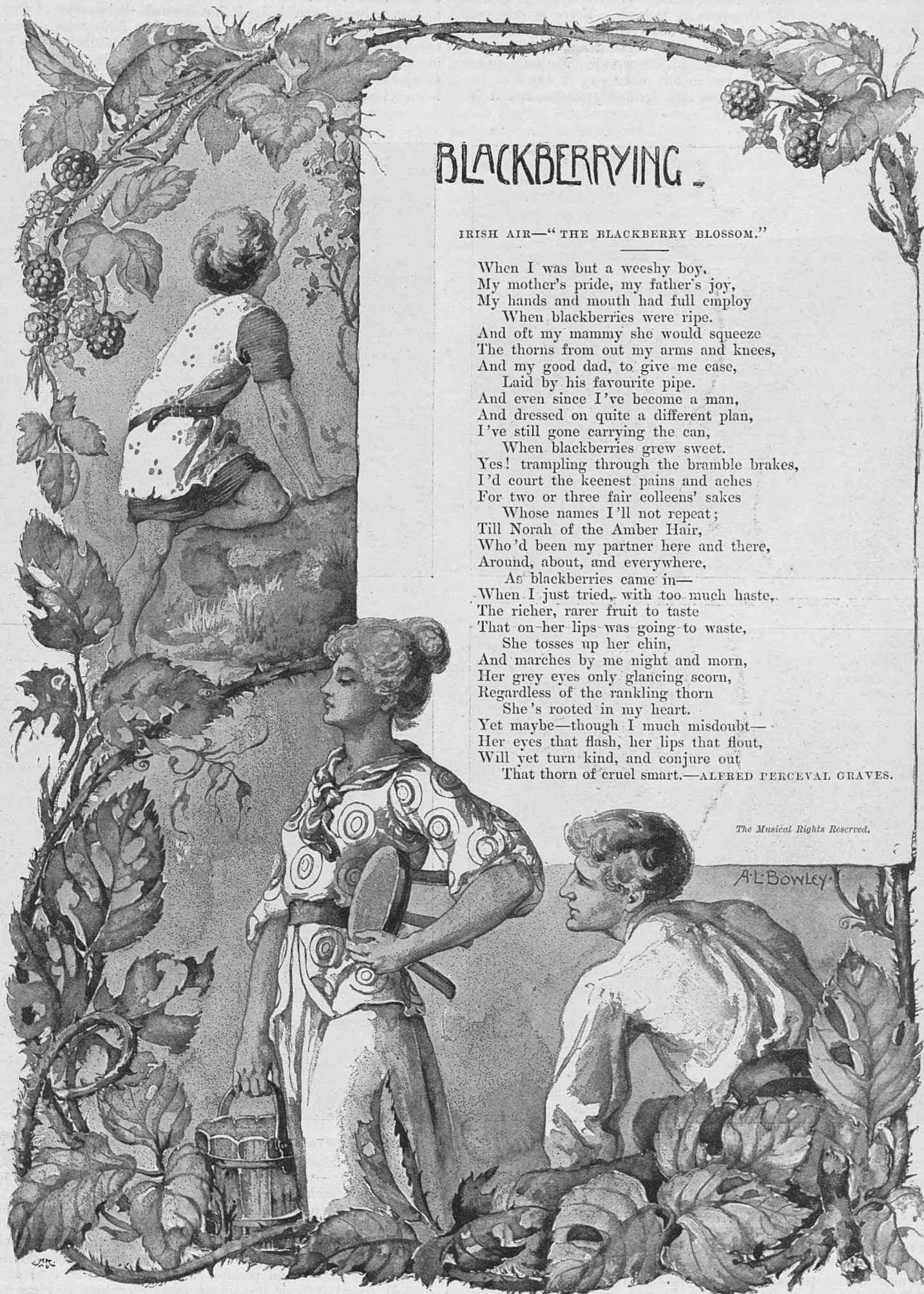
All this, one says, is deft enough; Mr. Potter has not been a "house-dramatist" for nothing. Not only has the boiling-down of the original been cleverly effected; the alterations and modifications aforesaid are all (theatrically) good. But, meanwhile, what has become of the atmosphere of the book, its delicate literary flavour, its individuality?

We see little of the workings of poor Trilby's mind; especially little of the change wrought in her by her unexpected access of shame when caught by Little Billee posing for "The Altogether." Little Billee himself is here little more than a lay figure, a mere good-looking youth, whose devotion to Trilby does not, in itself, largely interest. The Laird becomes positively a low comedian; the clergyman, Mr. Bagot, sinks almost to the same level; the mother of Little Billee loses all her simple homeliness and pathos.

Meanwhile, many of the players now interpreting "Trilby" in the country make the most of the opportunities accorded to them. It may be said of Mr. Beerbohm Tree (Svengali), Miss Dorothea Baird (Trilby), Mr. Edmund Maurice (Taffy), and Mr. Patrick Evans (Little Billee), that assuredly they look their parts; they are Mr. Du Maurier's creations to the life. Nor, in the case of the first three, is the likeness merely external. To Mr. Tree, the rôle of Svengali can present no difficulties; it must be almost child's-play. It is simply though firmly drawn, and is represented with appropriate simplicity and firmness. No one can mistake what is human, any more than he can mistake what is sinister, in the man. The text of the part would bear elaboration (save on its comic side); and, even as it is, Mr. Tree does wonders with it. Mr. Maurice exhibits much of the *bonhomie* of "Taffy"; it is a pity that Mr. Lionel Brough should exaggerate sometimes the quaintnesses of the Laird. Zou-Zou and Gecko (Mr. Herbert Ross and Mr. Hallard) are clever impersonations; but, after Mr. Tree, the bright particular star, is, of course, the Trilby—Miss Dorothea Baird, a young actress who has evident intelligence and sympathy, and who thoroughly fulfils the not very exigent requirements of the character as presented by Mr. Potter. She is winsome and engaging; force and variety will be hers by-and-by.

At the Theatre Royal, Manchester, on Saturday, both the players and the play were received with enthusiasm. They are to be seen at Leeds this week. When, in November, they come up to the Haymarket, we shall probably find that both have improved considerably by practice, by experience. On Saturday everybody was anxious, not to say nervous. Before Mr. Tree and his troupe return to town, they will have gained confidence and strength.

W. D. A.



BLACKBERRYING.

IRISH AIR—"THE BLACKBERRY BLOSSOM."

When I was but a weeshy boy,
My mother's pride, my father's joy,
My hands and mouth had full employ

When blackberries were ripe.

And oft my mammy she would squeeze
The thorns from out my arms and knees,
And my good dad, to give me ease,

Laid by his favourite pipe.

And even since I've become a man,
And dressed on quite a different plan,
I've still gone carrying the can,

When blackberries grew sweet.

Yes! trampling through the bramble brakes,
I'd court the keenest pains and aches
For two or three fair colleens' sakes

Whose names I'll not repeat;

Till Norah of the Amber Hair,
Who'd been my partner here and there,
Around, about, and everywhere,

As blackberries came in—

When I just tried, with too much haste,
The richer, rarer fruit to taste

That on her lips was going to waste,

She tosses up her chin,

And marches by me night and morn,
Her grey eyes only glancing scorn,
Regardless of the rankling thorn

She's rooted in my heart.

Yet maybe—though I much misdoubt—

Her eyes that flash, her lips that flout,

Will yet turn kind, and conjure out

That thorn of cruel smart.—ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

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A. L. Bowley

THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

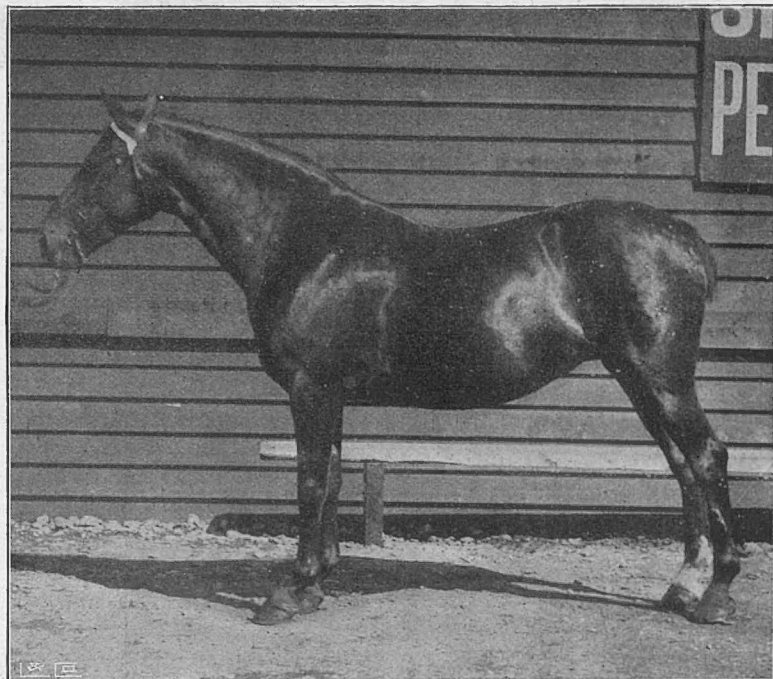
Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.

At about the middle—the late middle, perhaps—of the touring season comes the supreme event of the year in Ireland. There is carnival in Dublin for a whole week. The entire country flocks to the capital, and it would be difficult to say how many other countries contribute to one of the most extraordinary crowds in the world. Nothing quite resembling this spectacle is to be seen in any other city at any date in the calendar. It is the greatest show that Ireland produces, and it is

small something *before* dinner, and everybody compromises by accepting every invitation. The great hunters that are sent up to this great Show come from every part of Ireland, and every hunter in the Show seems to have at least seven owners, and to be the bosom friend of all the seven owners of all the other horses, and of all the friends of all those owners, so that universal sociability is but a weak description of the common character of the carnival. It is a great time for meeting cousins whom one has never met before, and, when the last introduction has been made at closing time on the last evening, everyone feels that he is related to every handsome girl in the Show; and, as every girl is handsome, she is everybody's cousin. One gets this impression, at all events, and there



MR. E. HARRIGAN, WINNER OF THE 2ND PRIZE FOR HACKNEY CAR-HORSE.



LADY SARAH, 1ST PRIZE HACKNEY MARE.



A SMART HUNTER.



PONIES SUITABLE FOR HARNESS: QUINTIN KENNEDY, 2ND PRIZE.

also the greatest show of its kind in either hemisphere. It is a horse-show, a national horse-show, a world's horse-show. Most persons in Europe and America who care a pin about a fine hunter have seen it once at least; and a great many other persons, who may be neither buyers nor critics of the hunter, have gone there over and over again, for the best sight of Dublin at Dublin's best. All Ireland is to be seen at Balls Bridge in this particular week, sporting Ireland more especially, but social Ireland as well. The lovely and most hospitable little country across the Channel is exceedingly proud of its annual Horse Show, for it knows that it can, on this occasion, turn out one product in which it has not a rival under the sun, and all Dublin is in the best of humours with its visitors the whole week round, and may be said to be one great open house for all of them. It results that Dublin in Horse Show week is the most delightful place in creation. Everybody asks everybody else to dinner, and to take a

is no function—social, sporting, or political—in England which has anything approaching this character.

An expert pen is wanted to describe the horses. The thoroughbreds were a specially good lot. The hunters were seen to the best advantage in the spacious rings in which they were judged, and it seems not too much to say that the horses themselves felt the necessity of making all possible display under the eyes of the most critical crowd of both sexes that could anywhere be drawn together. No handsomer sight could be witnessed than when these rings were packed with the best-bred horses in Ireland—owners up in most cases, and Prince Francis of Teck conspicuous among them—trotting, cantering, and galloping without a mistake; and, if the horses exhibited great form in the rings, their careful manners were even more admirable in quitting and returning to their stables through the crowd, for not one of the fourteen hundred horses kicked one of the sixty thousand visitors. T. H.

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Bexhill-on-Sea has been very lively lately, on account of a splendid cricket match, arranged by Viscount Cantelupe, who takes such a warm interest in the success of this charming seaside place. The match was played in the private grounds adjoining the mansion where the popular peer, who is also Lord of the Manor, resides. Mr. Murdoch, the famous Australian player, who has recently been wielding the bat for his adopted county of Sussex, was captain of one of the teams, and Lord Cantelupe had selected the other. Mr. Murdoch's eleven included the renowned Indian cricketer, Mr. K. S. Ranjitsinhji, who scored 44 runs. The fast bowling of Mr. Woodcock, a member of Lord Cantelupe's eleven, was one of the features of the match, and contributed to the success of the home team, who won by 401 runs against 184. The White Viennese Band, which is one of the attractions of Bexhill-on-Sea, played during the progress of the cricket, and added to the pleasure of the day.

When the Institute of Journalists met at Plymouth last week, there were notable absentees who should have figured prominently at the proceedings. On one day three gentlemen who had written papers were absent, which leads me to think that my friends journalistic, for reasons quite mystic, prefer to be lectured by proxy. The process depresses, when many addresses are read in the lecturers' absence. The novelist

the waves like some modern male Aphrodite, but then he had to come out. His clothes lay like an oasis in the distant sandy desert, and, worst of all, a party of both sexes had taken a quiet contemplative seat upon the beach. Hesitation could be read in his attitude as he neared the shore. How was he to reach those harmless, very necessary clothes? Necessity is truly the mother of invention. There is an abundance of fine sea-weed on the Broadstairs beach. To make a kilt of this was the work of a few moments, and so, like Father Neptune, minus his trident, our too-confiding bather reached the much-desired goal.

Splash! dash! splash! It was certainly the largest bathing-party I ever beheld, whose gambols woke me a few mornings ago—a huge party of both sexes, and, shocking to relate, not a stitch of clothing among the whole lot of them. To spare the feelings of lovers of propriety and decorum, let me say at once that the party in question were all four-legged bathers, and were the property of Lord George Sanger, whose well-appointed circus had just arrived in little Broadstairs. It was really a treat to see the way those quadrupeds took to the water; horses and ponies, piebalds and skewbalds, blacks and browns and creams, in they rushed, not in single spies but in battalions. I never saw greater enjoyment of water. I heard from an employee of "Lord George"



LORD CANTELUPE'S ELEVEN v. A SUSSEX ELEVEN.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

Besant, who should have been present, was somehow prevented by illness. His latest conviction on newspaper fiction was "read in the gentleman's absence." And good Mr. Fletcher, who posed as the sketcher of latter-day newspaper ethics, was missing. His excellent thesis (a skilled exegesis) was "read in the gentleman's absence." H. W. Massingham, carefully classing them, tackled some tendencies modern. He was not at the meeting, and therefore his greeting was "read in the gentleman's absence." I hope that your leaders, my friends, will have readers, your novels have always admirers; when you may have vanished, your books won't be banished, but always be read in your absence.

The photographs of the Army Manœuvres in last week's issue were credited to Mr. H. R. Gibbs, instead of to Messrs. Gregory and Co.

I see that the discussion in our contemporary to which I referred last week—I mean the great bathing question—still rages, so I cannot refrain from a little episode of the bath *al fresco* which occurred at Broadstairs the other afternoon. It was about four o'clock; many good folks were taking a siesta, for the day was hot; a dreamy quiet had settled on the sands, and a gentleman who, like the young Whitechapel lady, thought he "ad a little cove all to 'isself," though not the same sort of cove, proceeded, though unprovided with even a towel, to present himself in the garb of our first parents, and, in his own person, give an illustration in favour of bathing without any of those ridiculous French costumes. All went well; he plunged, he splashed, he dived, he gaily disported his person in

that the horses never miss their morning wash (there are about two hundred and fifty of them), and look forward to having it. If there is the sea, that is best of all—if not, why, a river is by no means to be despised; and sometimes the bath consists of only pails of water. The elephants love the briny as much as the "gees," but they did not join this particular bathing-party to which I have referred. The fact is, they were rather a trouble last time they were here, and, having got in, one declined to come out when wanted, and an elephant is a baby somewhat too bulky for the stoutest bathing-woman to wrap in a rough towel and carry to the shore.

By the way, my informant, who was an Irishman with a fine brogue and only one arm—the other was "savaged" off by a hungry lioness—told me a funny experience of Mr. Sanger's elephants in France. The animals got into a vineyard and played havoc with the vines, tearing them up, sticks and all. The gendarmes came on the scene, and wished to lock up the whole party. My Irish friend suggested that they should go in with their "toasting-forks," and tackle the elephants. They didn't—discretion was the better part of valour. The frolic cost Mr. Sanger something, however, and the elephants were "boozy," so my informant declared, for several days. Elephants appear, however, to have grand digestions; they would have no sympathy with a certain well-known journalist. One of them ate a "fine new four-guinea suit of tweeds" that belonged to the Irishman, all he rescued being the last mouthful, the end of a trouser-leg.

Showmen of the old-fashioned type are, I find, getting rare. My friend was an excellent specimen, born in the profession, and educated in the "original Wombwell's." His father was killed by a lion in Bolton in 1872, and he told, with some pride I thought, how a monument had been erected to him there by the Councillors. Asked as to his own ambitions, he disclosed the instincts of a Stanley: "I would go, Sir, to the darkest

With deep regret I have to record the death, on Aug. 31, of Mr. William Thomas, who, ever since the foundation of this paper, has been chief of its electrotype department. I need not say how important is this part of the production of *The Sketch*, nor need I recount the difficulties which naturally attend the electrotyping of a newspaper so full of illustrations. But I should like to bear my tribute to the painstaking and efficient services rendered by Mr. Thomas, in addition to the work he directed for the *Illustrated London News*, the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, the *English Illustrated Magazine*, &c. Mr. Thomas had an exceptional experience of electrotyping, and, added to this, he impressed me with his appreciation of humour. Whenever I tarried for a minute or two in the "black-shop" (as he termed part of his room), with its Dantesque effects, we always exchanged a pleasant quip, and it is sad to realise that this genial man has now passed away. The late Mr. Thomas, who was in his fifty-ninth year, will long be remembered in this office for his high character and his loyal services.



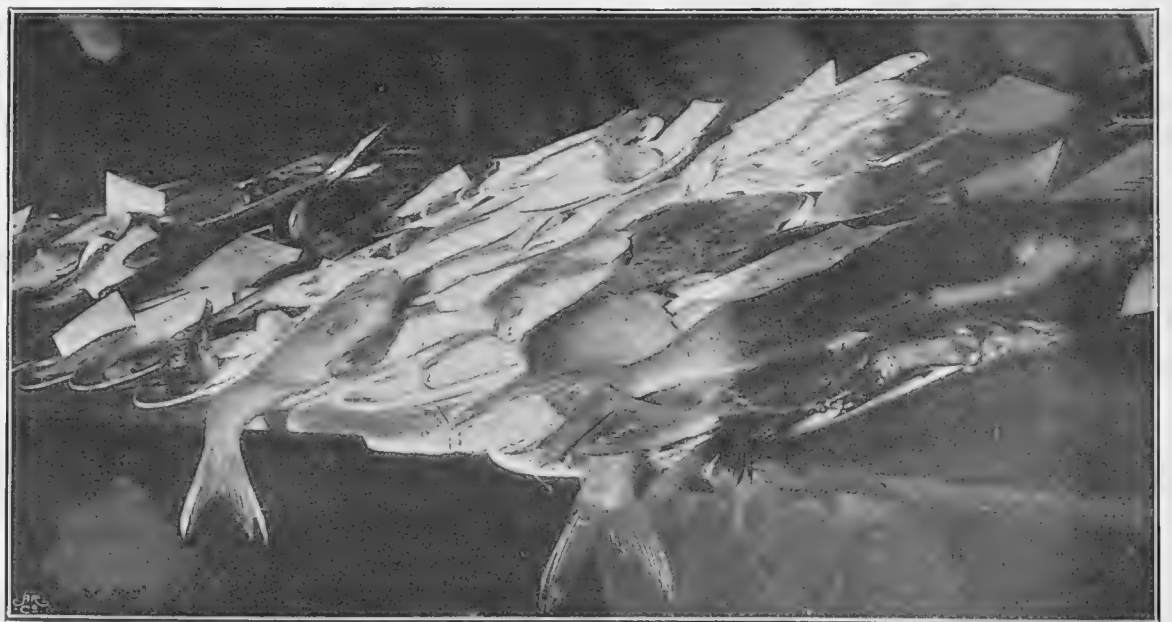
SOME OF THE COMPETITORS AT HOUGHTON BRIDGE.

part of Africa, where the foot of man had never trod, and surmise what no man had ever surmised before." I imagine he meant *survey*, but he was evidently in earnest. While on this subject, it is only due to Mr. Sanger to say that his procession was excellent, and his two performances evoked the warmest praise, especially from the juveniles.

In London, just now, I should suppose that the weather is hot, "demmed hot"; but down here it is simply glorious, the heat being tempered by the fresh sea-breezes for which the Isle of Thanet is famed. I walked over to Kingsgate the other afternoon. That picturesque sham, Kingsgate Castle—where died, not long ago, Mr. Jonas Levy, well known to theatrical folk and members of the Savage—is, I was told, let this season to Mr. Val Prinsep. The R.A. did not appear on the battlements, so I won't vouch for the truth of the statement. Ramsgate Regatta took me over the Cliff Walk the other afternoon, but the crowd was too great for comfort. Such a huge collection of holiday-makers I have rarely seen. One of the police officers told me he reckoned there were twenty thousand people there, and he anticipated a roughish time in the evening and a vigil extended into the small hours. I will not recommend Ramsgate to a nervous invalid—at any rate, on Regatta day.

One of the sights of a London Sunday morning is the exodus of the angler from Waterloo Station. He is equipped with a wonderful tin box, which contains I know not what; but I have always understood that the provision for fish and fisher is in strange juxtaposition, which Mr. James Fawn used to dilate upon with great gusto in the music-halls. On the opening day of the month a competition was held at Houghton Bridge on the Arun. The first prize was carried off with about seven pounds of roach and bream, and it need not be said that many wielders of the rod got nothing at all. But that does not seem to upset these merry men, who are content to sit on the bank of a river all day, even in the pouring rain, "and angle, and angle again."

return. A poor inhabitant of Blamont was charged in the police-court with a violent assault on a man in a railway train. His tale was touching in its simplicity. "I was in the train, and a man got in with a large closed basket. After some talk, he said to me, 'En voulez vous des-z-homards?' I thought he had some in his basket, and I like lobsters, which are rare in our parts, though I prefer the *langouste*; so I thanked him heartily for his kindness, and said I would. Then he asked if I had hair on my paws. I thought it a rude question, and was vexed, for I have rather hairy hands; however, I replied civilly that I had, and thereupon he pulled a mocking face, and cried out aloud, 'Oh, la sale bête!' I saw he was fooling me, so I hit him in the mocking face, and that's how it began." The magistrate, who officially recognised the existence of the song, held that the poor peasant was not bound to understand the jest, and so explained it to him and let him go in peace, although he did not hold his peace, but constantly complained that he had been done out of a lobster.



THE DAY'S CATCH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

A SUNDAY FISHING COMPETITION.

Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside, E.C.



THE RENDEZVOUS.



THE ARUN.

"The Campbells are coming"—at least, that is their intention at the time of writing—to Glencoe; but the melancholy Macdonalds do not greet their appearance with a "Hurrah," for they cannot readily forget the massacre that took place two hundred and three and a-half years ago, when thirty-eight of their clan were treacherously slain by a Campbell regiment, many women and children being turned out naked in a freezing night. The scene of the massacre is commemorated by a monument, twenty-three feet high, which bears the following inscription—

"This cross is reverently erected in memory of M'Ian, chief of the Macdonalds of Glencoe, who fell with his people in the massacre of Glencoe, of 13th Feb., 1692, by his direct descendant, Ellen Burns Macdonald of Glencoe, August, 1883. "Their memory liveth for evermore."

Lord Archibald Campbell, the Celt *in excelsis*, has awakened the old hatred by his proposed visit, with a band of pipers, to the gory glen by the witching hour of night. The Macdonalds straightway vowed vengeance—pent up for two long centuries—on this son of the House of Argyll, and Lord Archibald is said to have applied to the prosaic justice of the peace at Oban for protection. By the time this appears the result of the passing of Archibald will be known. As evidence of the hostile feeling that the Macdonalds of Glencoe still entertain towards the Campbells, the story goes that a lady teacher of the name of Campbell was appointed in 1880 to a school in Glencoe. The Macdonalds instantly withdrew their children from this lady's care, and made matters so unpleasant that she eventually left the Glen. The only motive for the conduct of the people was their objection to the lady's name.

While I was in the country I heard a story of "spoof" which goes a long way to show how credulous is the average sharp man. My informant was one of some dozen fellows who were playing in the billiard-room of a large Yorkshire hotel. The room had a small side-door opening upon the courtyard. About ten o'clock in the evening a pedlar looked in, and, as the hearts of the young men were merry with whisky, nobody objected to his presence in what was really a private party. The new arrival was an old man, with a large basket and a first-class business instinct; but "man is one, and the Fates are three," as Mr. Swinburne observes in his "Triumph of Time," and the poor fellow could do no business. At last a long-contested game came to an end, and the men drew away from the table. "Well, gents," said the pedlar, "if I can't sell you anything, would you like to see the Devil?" Perhaps some of the players were going that way, and had an interest in the matter, perhaps some thought he was in the old man's basket, but, at any rate, there was a cry of approval. The pedlar, without smiling, asked for a shilling from each person present, and then ranged them against the big door. He himself retired to the other end of the room, and spread some dark powder loosely on a large sheet of brown paper which he placed on the polished floor.

"Now, gents," said the old one, "you wants to see the Devil. I'm just going to complete this and give you a simple instruction, and, to show you how genuine it is, I will put the cash back here. If, by following my instructions, you don't see him, you can have the money back." He then put the little pile of shillings on the edge of the table, half-way across the room, and this action satisfied one or two of the more suspicious contributors to the Satanic *séance*, and sent them back to their indicated corner. The room was lighted by electricity, and the switch was close to the old man. He raised his hand and muttered some gibberish, struck a match, and, at the same moment turning off the light, he dropped the match on the paper, and the room was instantly filled with thick smoke. Quicker than it takes to write the words, there was an ugly rush to his end of the room; and the rush in darkness, through smoke and over tables, led to a regular scrimmage. In the midst of it all, the voice of the pedlar was heard saying, "Gents, if you wants to see the Devil, you must go to —," naming the chief residence of his Satanic Majesty. When the lights were restored, he had disappeared with the money through the side-door, bolting it behind him. The powder on the paper was gunpowder, and, unnoticed by anybody, he had placed chairs right in the way of the rush before he turned off the light. I consider it was cheap at the price.

Nowadays one often comes across something interesting in the way of telegraphic addresses, and that chosen, for instance, by Mr. Sutton Vane, the dramatist, is "Spanlife, London," the first word being an abbreviation of the title of the most successful of his plays, "The Span of Life." After being ill for a time, Mr. Vane is now off to America, to superintend the production of two dramas of his, "In Sight of St. Paul's" and "Beyond the Breakers," of which the latter was brought out by Mr. J. D. Beveridge, at the Islington Grand, some time ago.

I note some newcomers among the junior members of the company that Mr. George Alexander is taking on tour with him. Miss Winifred Dolan, as I have before mentioned, is a niece of Mr. Alfred Austin. Others are Miss Mabel Hackney and Miss Furtado Clarke, of whom the former made a successful début as a reciter at Steinway Hall not long ago. From what I saw of her then, comedy appears to be her forte. Many recollections are called up by the double name, Furtado Clarke. The amiable and accomplished actress, Teresa Furtado, died, at the age of thirty-two, in August, 1877, a year and a-half before her husband, John Clarke, who is, of course, to be distinguished from John S. Clarke, father of Wilfred Clarke, who has been appearing at the Strand. With this same house, however, the late John Clarke was connected for a long time; he was a member of Marie Wilton's company on the opening of the once famous

but now sadly neglected dear little old Prince of Wales's Theatre, and was, indeed, the original Hugh Chalcut in "Ours." He played the First Gravedigger on a late Fechter revival of "Hamlet," and appeared as Squeers in Andrew Halliday's version of "Nicholas Nickleby." Miss Furtado Clarke, therefore, will have the good wishes of many old playgoers.

There are a great many lady golfers in America, headed by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who is quite an enthusiast for the game. I have before me a list of twenty-five other transatlantic "Society" ladies who take part in this pursuit.

As Mr. Wilson Barrett's negotiations for the Princess's have fallen through, I suppose that, after all, we poor benighted Londoners shall have to wait for his last play, "The Sign of the Cross." I gave full details of the plot after its production at St. Louis at the end of March, and, now that the play has been performed in England, at Mr. Barrett's old theatre (now no longer managed by him), the Leeds Grand, I adhere to my former opinion that this drama of life in Nero's Rome, with its opportunities for spectacular display, would interest people who used to enjoy "Claudian" and "Clito." In his inevitable first-night speech at Leeds, Mr. Barrett explained that he had written this play with the set purpose of bringing religion upon the stage; but, for all that, there seems to be also plenty of strong dramatic stuff in "The Sign of the Cross."

Mr. Barrett's own part, that of the Prefect, Marcus Superbus, has been drawn by him much upon the old Princess's lines, and Miss Maud Jeffries does not appear to have many opportunities as the persecuted Christian maiden, Mercia. Messrs. Franklyn McLery, Charles Hudson, Ambrose Manning, and others, all have fairly good chances. But quite the most effective character is that of Stephanos—a lad who, while under the pain of torture, gives information concerning the Christians—a rôle played very well indeed by Miss Haidee Wright, who has been among Mr. Barrett's chief supporters the last year or so. She comes of a good theatrical family, for her father, Mr. Fred Wright, is a much-respected veteran playwright and touring manager; and her brothers, Messrs. Fred Wright junior and Huntley Wright, are both clever and original comedians.

Miss Emily Soldene, who has just returned to London after a lengthened absence from this country in the United States and Australia, made this office practically the first place of call. It is many years since I last saw her on the stage, but I note but little difference in her appearance. She has no very definite plans for the future, and may yet again be seen on the stage should a favourable opportunity occur.

I was present on the Wagner night of the Promenade Concerts, so successfully carried on by Mr. Newman in Queen's Hall, and was very glad to see the appreciation accorded to the excellent programme. I noticed Mr. Ben Davies in the grand circle, thoroughly enjoying the admirable rendering given to the overtures to "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser." Then, just behind him, I saw Sir Joseph Barnby, who was naturally gratified by the success of Mr. Lloyd Chandos, who studied at the Guildhall School of Music. A little farther off was an eminent pianist; and, as to the critics, hardly one seemed absent. Miss Gertrude Izard sang with real distinction, although her voice seemed not quite strong enough for so vast an auditorium. Mr. Lloyd Chandos is improving as a vocalist, and his enunciation is well-nigh perfect.

I managed to have a quarter of an hour's chat with Mr. Watkin Mills, who returned not long ago from his second tour in the United States. The popular English baritone has nothing but success to recall, for the Americans accepted him with enthusiasm as a representative exponent of oratorio. Mr. Mills has been busy practising—for he always makes a point of practising even the most familiar works—for the Festival of the Three Choirs at Gloucester. How well I remember interviewing Mr. Mills after he had electrified the congregation in the grand old grey cathedral with "Why do the Nations." Our conversation took place in an ancient house with oak wainscoting and a generally venerable air about it. It was then that Mr. Mills told me much about his career, which, prior to his entering into professional life, was singularly uneventful. On the Wagner night, he showed how carefully he had studied the great German composer by the splendid rendering he gave to "Wahn! Wahn!" By the way, Mr. Mills will sing, at the concert during the Festival week, "She alone charmeth my sadness."

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MISS NANNIE CRADDOCK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRISON, CHICAGO.

"ALABAMA," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

THE PLAY.

Mr. Willard has followed "The Professor's Love Story" with another of the same kind; yet there is this difference between "Alabama" and Mr. Barrie's comedy, that, while in both it is the atmosphere that creates the charm, the American play is somewhat spoiled by a pretentiousness of plot which is entirely superfluous. The story of "Alabama" is practically that of the dear old, long-lost father who turns up at the



MR. E. S. WILLARD.

Photo by Sarony, New York.

right moment. Away down in Talledega there lived a planter, Colonel Preston, who was ruined by the war. His son had added to his bitterness by going over to the enemy, and only a supposed fatal end in battle had covered the defection. But the youth did not die; he went to the energetic North and became a great railroad engineer. Eighteen years later he planned a railway to run through the neighbourhood of the old home, and sent down his assistant, Ned Armstrong, to prospect. A few days later, "Captain Davenport," as Preston had come to be called, came down to the old place, and, strange to say, was unrecognised by everybody except his cousin, Mrs. Page, who had once loved him. Still more strange—but the American playwright claims the privilege of almost riotous invention—the Captain had had a daughter, Carey, born to him in his absence, and all unknown to him. Need it be said that the Captain's assistant and the Captain's daughter fall in love, despite the intense dislike of the girl's grandfather to everything and everybody that comes out of the North. The long-lost son, as in the stories of a long-lost fashion, is the saviour of the situation. He at once unites his daughter and his assistant; he rids his cousin, Mrs. Page, of a blackguard who questioned her marriage and her estate; his railroad bestows wealth on a number of his old friends, and he restores himself to the arms of a father who had first repudiated and then mourned him. Audiences at the Garrick are not accustomed to stories of this astounding character, and Mr. Willard was really a bold man to invite West-Enders' criticism on such a work. But the atmosphere of the whole play, especially in the earlier acts, conquered all prejudice. There are admirable portraits of two old-fashioned Alabama gentlemen, presented by Mr. John Mason and Mr. F. Tyler. Miss Agnes Miller retains her original part as Carey Preston, while Mr. W. T. Lovell makes a manly lover. Mr. James Fernandez, as the bitter old planter, is exceptionally good, and even the old nigger servant is cleverly played. The enthusiasm with which Miss Marion Terry was greeted was a tribute to her popularity rather than to any excellence of her acting as Mrs. Page, which is a colourless part. Mr. Willard has certainly a difficult task to perform in playing Captain Davenport, who, in less skilful hands, would have been laughed off the scene. But it is impossible to criticise "Alabama" severely. The critical instinct is paralysed by a certain infectious sentimentalism which pervades the sunny plantation, with its easy-going folk and their curious, musical

dialect, and, indeed, by the old-fashioned aroma—this applies to the plot as well—which envelops the whole scene. When people once understand what to expect in "Alabama," they will thoroughly enjoy it, and even those who go unprepared will be compelled to acknowledge the charm of many patches in the story.

SOME OF THE PLAYERS.

Mr. Willard has secured several Americans for the play, among them Miss Nannie Craddock and Miss Keith Wakeman. They are great friends, and have been staying together at a pretty little cottage at Twickenham. Though perfect foils, physically both are athletic, and devoted to rowing; indeed, they have lately become adepts in the comfortable and "truly English" punt. Miss Craddock, who played the Dowager Lady Gilding (aged thirty-five) in "The Professor's Love Story," is a bright and vivacious little woman, while Miss Wakeman, who played Lady Gilding, is of more massive build and singularly handsome. Both are delighted with England and the English, for they have been on tour with Mr. Willard; and, though they say our climate does not "take the cake," they are very anxious to remain. Their parts in "Alabama" are small: Miss Craddock is Atalanta Moberley, and Miss Wakeman Mrs. Stockton; but they are so much pleased to be here that parts are details to them "so they have one." When in town they occupy a little flat not a stone's throw from the Strand; but last winter, as soon as their professional duties here were over, they went at once to Paris, "to run up their French" and study acting and pantomime.

Miss Craddock never posed as a prodigy—indeed, she has been on the boards only four years, having drifted there on account of her success as an amateur, having her countrywomen's love of "being up and doing." She is a native of Oatland, the daughter of Judge Craddock, and was almost entirely educated at colleges in her native State of California. She is one of the few women on the stage who believe outdoor and healthful recreation to be essential to art. In her theatrical career she has served but two masters, Mr. A. M. Palmer and Mr. Willard. Her debut was made at the Madison Square Theatre, and, among her successes there, she names Stella Darbisher in "Captain Swift," Agnes in "Jim the Penman," and Maud Latimer in "Sunlight and Shadow"; and since her



MISS KEITH WAKEMAN.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

engagement with Mr. Willard she has played Lady Eve in "Judah," Nancy in "The Middleman," and Mildred in "A Fool's Paradise." Though she seems almost invariably to have played in light comedy, she owns to a great preference to sympathetic rôles. This is her first visit to England, and she seems in no hurry to leave our smoky Metropolis.

Miss Wakeman made as handsome and picturesque a Lady Gilding as she now does a Mrs. Stockton. She, too, is a Californian, and, in the days of her histrionic novitiate, played many small parts with the late Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, who both took much interest in her and

gave much valuable help. She joined Mr. Willard's company for the leading rôle in "A Fool's Paradise," in which she scored a great success, and in it has been compared to Mrs. Bernard Beere; later on, she was one of the handsomest and most effective Queens who ever mothered Hamlet, and she deems herself fortunate in having played to the Royal Dane of Mr. Willard, a part London playgoers are most anxious to see him in.

Miss Agnes Miller, who plays her original rôle of Carey Preston, is naturally very much delighted to have the chance of playing a part, in which she has been so successful, in her native town, for she is a Londoner both by birth and education, though she has had her sympathies widened and her faculties quickened by a long sojourn with our more "rapid" transpontine cousins, having gone to America almost fresh from school. From a baby her day-dreams had been histrionic, and, after graduating from her last seminary, she chanced to meet Miss Rosina Vokes. To her she confided all her hopes and fears, and that manageress at once offered her an engagement, which, after many tears and much pleading, she was allowed to accept, and, ere three months had fled, she found herself on the briny, on her way to the New World, and launched on a sea which has proved to be full of anything but trouble. Miss Miller is the brightest and merriest of girls, being now only in her early twenties, modest, graceful, and still surprised by her continuous success, for never once in her eight years of professional life has she known what it is to be "resting." Indeed, she is now only on this side for a holiday, and is under contract with Mr. Frohman to return, though she hopes he will be able to lend her to Mr. Willard for some time. She made



MISS AGNES MILLER.

Photo by Glines, Boston.

her début in New York in "The Schoolmistress," in a small part, but was soon understudying her stage godmother, Miss Rosina Vokes, in the title-rôle; and, after playing several more pretty *ingénues*, she made a great and genuine hit in "In Honour Bound." Two years soon passed, and she was called home for a holiday; yet she had hardly landed when her services were secured by Mr. Hawtrey to create Daisy in "The Arabian Nights," a part to which her transatlanticisms lent an added charm. Then she joined Mrs. Kendal's company for *ingénue* rôles, and holds herself fortunate to have played Susanne with that *comédienne*; and, ere she was allowed to return to the States, she, in September, 1888, created Mabel Seabrook in "Captain Swift," at the Haymarket. On arriving in New York, in 1889, she went at once to Messrs. Jefferson and Florence, and, among other rôles, scored a great success as Lucy in "The Rivals." She was the original Marianna in "Beau Brummel," with Mr. Richard Mansfield, and then joined Mr. A. M. Palmer's company for two seasons of modern comedy, after which she entered upon her present engagement with Mr. Frohman. She speaks of her manager in terms of the highest praise, and is glad to hear that his ambition to have a London theatre is likely to be realised, for, she says, "he could in some things give the London managers points," though she is a great admirer of the English stage. Miss Miller has played in most of the successful farcical comedies which followed "The Schoolmistress," but she prefers sympathetic rôles, and says her favourite parts have been in "The Ironmaster," "A Scrap of Paper," "The Weaker Sex," "Sunlight and Shadow," "The Rivals," "Alabama," "Liberty Hall," "Sowing the Wind," and "Beau Brummel."



IN "THE BAUBLE SHOP."

Photo by Sarony, New York.



IN "ALABAMA."

Photo by Falk, New York.

MR. AND MRS. ARTHUR BOURCHIER "AT HOME."

It was when I heard that Mr. Bouchier contemplated management (writes a *Sketch* representative) that I resolved to make a call on him. When I did so I was ushered into a large, cheerful room, lighted by the afternoon sun, and with pictures, books, and nicknacks in pleasant array, with the studying of which I could have amused myself some minutes had not my host and hostess speedily entered, followed by a big, white-haired dog, with a perfectly black tongue, and rejoicing in the extraordinary name of Splinx.

"What a lovely creature!" I said, when greetings had been exchanged, and Splinx had stretched herself languidly on a rug.

"Yes; she belongs to my husband," explained the handsome young actress who, on the boards, is still known as Violet Vanbrugh. "She is a genuine Chinese dog. I don't think you will see another like her. Mr. Zangwill's sister says she is like the phantom dog of a fairy tale."

"You don't intend to give up your profession because you have entered the bonds of matrimony?" I inquired of Mrs. Bouchier.

"No, but I shall retain my maiden name on the stage."

"And I shall still act under my bachelor name," interpolated Mr. Bouchier whimsically.

"And what of your new play, 'The Chili Widow'? It is of French origin?"

"Yes, by Bisson; yet it isn't too French—it did not need the blue pencil anywhere."

"When my husband was hard at work adapting the play, he banished even me occasionally from the study," remarked Mrs. Bouchier, balancing herself on the cushioned seat of a high brass fender.

"Isn't the duologue 'Sixes and Sevens' your property?" I asked Mr. Bouchier.

"Yes, I discovered it accidentally. It was written by the brother of the member for Chelsea; we were staying in the same country house, and he asked me one night, after dinner, if I would mind looking over an amateur effort. I read it, and was delighted with it, and thereupon took it over. I played it with my sister-in-law, Irene, at the big benefit arranged by Miss Cissie Loftus after the Irish disaster last year, and a funny thing happened. The programme of artists was so enormous that I thought we should never get our turn, so I told Irene to rush on to the platform and commence at all hazards. Meanwhile, Hollman was busy tuning his instrument, under the impression he was to go on next. I basely kept him in conversation till Irene was started, then I said,

"No, our acquaintance dates considerably further back," said Mr. Bouchier laughingly; "for we paddled on the sands together, though we were not at first aware of this interesting fact when we came together again later in life."

"I had read about Arthur in Oxford, and what he did for the theatre there, and I was interested in him beforehand," explained the young wife.

"We played together at Miss Thorne's, Irene and I taking the heroine's parts in turn in 'Taming the Shrew,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Hamlet,' &c., to Arthur's hero, and we were also at Daly's Theatre together, first appearing in 'Love in a Tandem.'"

"Yes, Vi was understudy to Miss Rehan in Tennyson's 'Foresters,' so my Maid Marian used to sit in the wings while the real Maid Marian occupied the stage, and I confess all my love-making was done to the wings, till at last, if Violet were tired of sitting there and went away, they used to ask her to take up her position there again, in order that Robin Hood might keep up a lover's fire," said Mr. Bouchier.

"And how did the romance progress after that?" I inquired curiously.

"For eighteen months I had to put up with repulses. Everyone told Violet that I was a ne'er-do-well, and that she had better not have me."

"Which only made me the more determined not to take anyone else," remarked Mrs. Bouchier.

"I suppose all the pretty things in this room are wedding presents?" I ventured.

"Yes, even to the furniture. That inscribed silver scent-bottle is from Mr. Irving, and this kettle," displaying a miniature silver one, "is from Miss Terry"—and I read on the side, "Violet, from Ellen Terry." "When we received this, we had a message that it was for making a cup of tea or to boil me in if I grew troublesome. Mrs. Charles Mathews gave us this letter-weight"—showing one of quaint stone, surmounted with a silver photograph-frame as clip, in which was a portrait of Mr. Bouchier's father. "The rest of our pretty gifts are put away, as it is impossible to keep them all clean—and we have such an immense number. That large pastel of my wife is by Mr. Goetz, and he has also since done a picture of me."

"I really think you must be the tallest of stage couples?" I said, as my host and hostess prepared to accompany me downstairs when I was taking my leave.

"We divide honours with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry, I fancy. Curiously enough, I acted with Miss Julia Neilson once," said Mr. Bouchier, "before she thought of going on the stage, and was a student at the Royal Academy of Music."

"And since then you have had a varied career?"

"Yes: I was in America with Mrs. Langtry, acting with her for a year and a half; at Daly's Theatre, and at Drury Lane, playing the hero in 'The Derby Winner,' not to speak of other theatres."

"And what is your idea of a play?" I asked, when on the point of leaving.

"Well, I am tired to death of the woman with a past, who has no possible future, and the hero who never is a hero. I am looking forward to the reaction from the Ibsen school, in which the pupils cannot come up to the standard of the master."

And then we bade adieu on the hall doorstep, Splinx returning to the house with a rueful countenance, because she had reckoned on joining me in a stroll.



MR. BOURCHIER AS ROBIN HOOD IN TENNYSON'S
"FORESTERS."

Photo by Sarony, New York.



MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH (MRS. BOURCHIER).

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

"Someone is doing something. Why, it's our duologue—I must go on in a minute"; and I went up to the platform, leaving Hollman shaking his fist at me for the trick I had played him; but I went down on my knees with apologies for it afterwards."

"Did you and your wife first meet on the stage?"

A leading American theatrical manager, who is now fulfilling an important engagement at San Francisco with a company including three or four "stars," has hit upon some curious devices wherewith to prevent envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness occurring between these rival "stellar attractions." On his programmes he has the cast printed in cylindrical form, so that there may be no apparent beginning or ending; while the posters for outdoor use have the "stars' names arranged lengthwise. Perhaps Sir Augustus Harris and other much-worried impresarios might imitate this manager's methods.



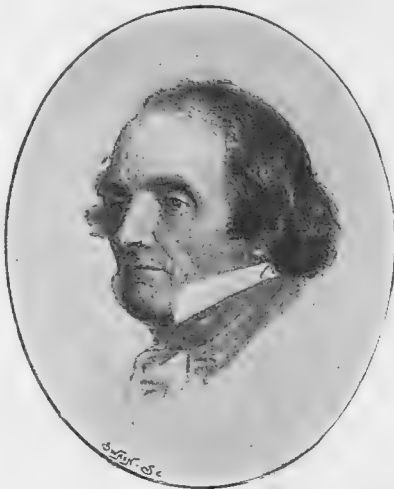
MISS VANBRUGH AS OLIVIA IN "TWELFTH NIGHT."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN, FEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"LORD JOHN RUSSELL."*

This ninth of the monographs on "The Queen's Prime Ministers" closes the series with its editor's first contribution to it, a Life of Lord John Russell, the familiar name and designation by which his family and surviving friends prefer to remember the Earl Russell of later years. Ample justice has been already done to his character and career by Mr. Spencer Walpole's biography, in composing which he received from Lord John Russell's family all possible assistance. Mr. Reid has, of course, made use of the material collected by Mr. Walpole, but he has embodied some interesting and hitherto unpublished matter in his volume, which, with its popular form and price, is intended for a wider circle of readers than Mr. Walpole's elaborate work was likely to reach. Mr. Reid, too, has been aided by the Dowager Countess of Russell with reminiscences of her husband, and access to his early note-books and other papers. Among colleagues and friends of Lord John who have also furnished reminiscences, are the late Lord Selborne and Mr. Lecky the historian. Mr. Reid himself writes with full knowledge of his subject, and with animation and vigour. His estimate of the services rendered by Lord John is perfectly adequate, and is never marred by the exaggeration to which sympathetic biographers are prone. The chief fault to be found with him is the imperfection of his dates. The month and the day of the month on which important events and interesting incidents occur are generally given, but the reader is too often left to discover for himself the corresponding year.



LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
S. F. WATTS, R.A.

Born in 1792, the year of the Reign of Terror and of the establishment of the first French Republic, Lord John Russell was subjected from his earliest years to the influences of the Whig form of Liberalism, which was hereditary in his family. His father, of whom he was the third son, became sixth Duke of Bedford soon after Lord John's birth, and was one of the little band of aristocratic Whigs whom the French Revolution did not drive into reaction. At fourteen Lord John was the guest, the admiring guest, of Charles James Fox, whose life he was to write many years afterwards. The Duke had a poor opinion of Oxford and Cambridge as places of education, and he sent his clever son to Edinburgh, where he was boarded with Professor Playfair, the "Scottish D'Alembert," where he profited by the ethical prelections of the amiable and high-minded Dugald Stewart, tried his wings as a debater at the meetings of the Speculative Society, which was to Edinburgh University what the Union has been to that of Oxford, and had his political creed strengthened in the social circle to which belonged the founders of the great Whig organ the *Edinburgh Review*. Thus early he wrote for the Speculative an essay in support of Parliamentary reform, which he sent to his father, who encouraged him to think and to write. During a trip to Spain, in order to visit his brother, Lord William Russell, who had been wounded at Talavera, he made his way to the headquarters of Lord Wellington, not as yet a Duke, who had just occupied the lines of Torres Vedras, and whom he found surveying, from an eminence, the French intrenchments, "his eyes bright and searching as those of an eagle, his countenance beaming with intelligence," as he watched the movements of the enemy. Some years afterwards—for, as a young man, Lord John was a great traveller—he had an interview with Napoleon at Elba, and his report of their conversation is more fully given by Mr. Reid than by Mr. Walpole. One of the fallen Emperor's most striking remarks to the young English nobleman was that "the great superiority of England to France lay in her aristocracy," and he explained the scheme which, when on the throne, he had formed for creating a new aristocracy in France, by marrying his officers to the daughters of the old French noblesse, and endowing the new families from a fund which he had reserved for the purpose.

At twenty-one Lord John entered the House of Commons as member for the family borough of Tavistock. Lord Liverpool was then beginning his long Premiership, and the Parliamentary fortunes of the Whigs had reached their nadir. After vainly protesting against the measures of coercion with which the Ministry met political and social discontent at home, Lord John, at one time, thought of abandoning public life and devoting himself to the literary pursuits which he loved, the more especially as he was, and through a long life continued more or less to be, in delicate health. A once well-known poetical remonstrance from

his already friend "Tom" Moore aided in overcoming his despondency. He soon became one of the most active among the leaders of the Whig forlorn hope. The present generation can scarcely conceive the state of things which prevailed when Lord John forced on the House of Commons, by repeated speeches and motions, the question of Parliamentary reform, when a mound at Old Sarum and a swarm of petty Cornish boroughs sent members to the House of Commons, while Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham had none. The Parliamentary reform which Lord John asked for was moderate indeed, only that a few boroughs which had been proved to be sinks of electoral corruption should be disfranchised, and the representation which they had abused be given to this and the other unrepresented town. Year after year Lord John maintained a seemingly hopeless struggle. At last came the French Revolution of 1830, and an English revolution seemed possible if Parliamentary reform were refused. Lord Grey formed a Whig Ministry, and Lord John Russell was appropriately commissioned to introduce officially in the House of Commons a Reform Bill sanctioned by the Government. He was forty when this pleasant duty devolved on him. He was seventy-four when he retired from official, though not from public life. During the interval he was Home Secretary, Colonial Secretary, Foreign Secretary, and twice Prime Minister. His biography, from the introduction of the first Reform Bill to that of his last, is inextricably bound up with the political history of England. He had been a member of the House of Commons, with scarcely a break, for more than half a century, when he was raised to the peerage as Earl Russell.

There is, perhaps, more light thrown on Lord John Russell's private life and personal characteristics in Mr. Reid's volume than in Mr. Walpole's much larger work. Lord John, in his relations with any but friends, was cold, shy, and undemonstrative, and this prevented him from being personally very popular either with his party or with the public. But in private life he is described as genial, social, and even playful and full of anecdote. In public life he never sacrificed what he deemed the interests of his country to personal feeling. The Dowager Countess of Russell informed Mr. Reid that, when her husband was asked to serve under Lord Aberdeen, he declared that he would not mind "being shoeblack to Lord Aberdeen" if it would serve the country. There was nothing vindictive in his nature. After having procured the dismissal of Lord Palmerston from the Foreign Office, and on suffering a defeat in the House of Commons at Lord Palmerston's hands, he bore his former colleague no grudge, and his only comment on the incident was to the effect that he had hit Lord Palmerston hard, and that Lord Palmerston had returned the blow. Lord Palmerston opposed his later schemes of Parliamentary reform, and, indeed, was indifferent to reform of any kind. Mr. Lecky, whose reminiscences of Lord John Russell contributed to Mr. Reid's volume have been already referred to, says that, having remarked to Lord John how small was the net result in legislation accomplished by Lord Palmerston during the many years that he was in office, Lord John replied, "But during all these years he kept the honour of England very high, and I think that a great thing." He was asked which of *Punch's* cartoons he liked best; he said John Leech's, which represented him as a little boy chalking "No Popery" on the wall, and then running away. His retort was to ask that Leech might be introduced to him, and to bestow an appointment on Leech's son. His own various attempts in authorship could not be called successes; but men of letters ought to hold in regard the Minister who pensioned alike, to give no other instances, the veteran reformer Leigh Hunt, and the veteran Tory Christopher North; who made a delicate offer of financial assistance to Sir Walter Scott in his last years, when he was shattered in health and in fortune; who consummated a long and kindly intimacy with Moore by going through the drudgery of editing the poet's voluminous Memoirs and Correspondence for the benefit of Moore's widow; and last, not least, who recommended Tennyson for the Laureateship. It is pleasant to learn that Lord John's later years were among the happiest of his life, passed, as they were, in the bosom of an affectionate family, with the most devoted of wives, in a domicile situated in some of the loveliest scenery in England, Pembroke Lodge, in Richmond Park, given him by a gracious and grateful sovereign.

That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

rewarded Lord John Russell for a useful and honourable public career of nearly seventy years.

Everybody remembers "Nancy Lee," that enormously popular song, composed and sung by Mr. Maybrick (Stephen Adams), and the name has now been bestowed upon a new nautical opera which is about to be produced in America. Another title is "Captain Cook," the work in question being a romantic comic opera, dealing with the career of the great navigator, that is to see the light immediately at San Francisco. One of the principal effects will be the eruption of a volcano, Mauna Loa, and, singularly enough, two ladies of the name of Cook will take an active part in the production, the ballet being superintended by Miss L. S. Cook, and Miss Irene Cook, in the capacity of solo dancer, representing Pele, the goddess of fire.

* "The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria," Edited by Stuart J. Reid. "Lord John Russell." By Stuart J. Reid. London: Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., Limited.

A PROVINCIAL PUBLISHER.

MR. J. W. ARROWSMITH, OF BRISTOL.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, the famous publisher of Bristol, is a gentleman of varied sympathies and many enterprises. The interviewer might tap him on a score of subjects, and go away rejoicing in the fact that he had in his pocket the opinion of an expert on any one of them. Indeed, Mr. Arrowsmith's career has been one of literary production tempered by politics and sport—a somewhat comprehensive combination. It is with the first-mentioned aspect of it that I will especially deal; but, *en passant*, I may as well set down a few salient facts of his life's work in other spheres of activity. Mr. Arrowsmith is a J.P. for the City of Bristol, and Chairman of the Liberal Club, on the walls of which an impressive presentation portrait hangs in state. A couple of years ago he was chairman of the Anchor Society at the Colston Banquets, an occasion distinguished by the circumstance that the subscriptions given in memory of Bristol's greatest philanthropist, and to perpetuate his benevolent schemes, reached the record amount. It was at this function that Mr. Arrowsmith initiated the movement for the erection of a Colston statue. When the statue is, next November, set up in St. Augustine's Gardens, it will form one of the most striking objects in the pleasant vista commanded by the windows of Mr. Arrowsmith's particular sanctum. Mr. Arrowsmith brings his influence to bear on the educational problem from two well-defined points. He has a seat on the Council of the Bristol University College, and, as a physical educationist, he has stimulated the love of scientific cricket in Dr. Grace's county by giving challenge-cups for local competition, besides which he is closely identified with the County Club. Mr. Arrowsmith declined to become a candidate for the Bristol division that has just returned Sir E. S. Hill to Parliament, because of his desire to continue the concentration of all his energies on his business. Associated with the Volunteer movement since its infancy, Mr. Arrowsmith holds the long-service medal, and he was, until quite recently, a crack shot. For a quarter of a century he was annually a familiar figure in the tented town of Wimbledon. He was twice included in the English Eight, and once in the English Twenty. A recent achievement of this man of many ventures was the organisation of a gigantic Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition for Bristol. The completed building cost no less a sum than £13,000, and for five months it was the pleasant and profitable rendezvous for Cliftonians and Bristolians. The enterprise, after all the heavy expenses had been met, yielded between £2000 and £3000 to the coffers of the local medical charities. These are facts familiar to most dwellers in the City on the Avon, and I merely recapitulate them in proof of the unbounded energy of the man who has, unaided, and within little more than a decade, established one of the most flourishing publishing-houses in England.

An institution, therefore, of modern growth is the publishing business of Mr. Arrowsmith. The germ of it existed before the destinies of the house came under the control of the present sole director. The real evidences of unusual vitality were disclosed in 1881, when the first number of the now celebrated series of "Annuals" made its appearance. It was a modest production, entitled "Thirteen at Dinner," but the list of contributors embraced the names of several writers who have since attained high rank. Among these were Mr. J. A. Symonds, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, "Hugh Conway"—all now deceased—and Mr. F. E. Weatherly, the sweetest and most accomplished song-writer of to-day. If to be identified with "Thirteen at Dinner" is unlucky for some people, the experience has been the reverse in Mr. Arrowsmith's case. Indeed, the incident marked the first stage of his good fortune. The public taste in fiction had been gently tickled by "Thirteen at Dinner," and Mr. Arrowsmith, correctly assuming the creation of a new appetite, sought to appease it with all convenient rapidity. In 1883 the Arrowsmith Press was made to yield "Hugh Conway's" "Called Back." For a time the fate of the story trembled in the balance; but all the world now knows what a sensation it ultimately created. The novel was issued by the hundred thousand, and it is worthy of note that the demand for it has by no means ceased even now.



MR. J. W. ARROWSMITH.

Photo by Protheroe, Bristol.

"In fact," remarked Mr. Arrowsmith, in the course of conversation with me the other day, "we print off about two thousand copies every year, and we have just finished another edition, bringing up the total number of copies issued from the original press to 367,000. But, you must understand, this does not represent the aggregate, for 'Hugh Conway's' startling story has been translated into Dutch, Italian, French, German, and Spanish, and even into the Swedish and Norse languages. Then the Americans, unembarrassed by considerations of copyright, made tremendous play with 'Called Back.' As a further proof of the vitality of the tale, here is a letter which I received a few weeks ago from a well-known London firm, offering to buy the serial rights for a run of about ten or twelve weeks. Of course," continued Mr. Arrowsmith, between the whiffs of his cigarette, "the unequalled success of 'Called Back' enabled me, as a publisher, to take up a position to which no other kindred firm in the provinces had attained. People say, too, that 'Called Back' was the pioneer of the originally written shilling novel, and I do not think I can justifiably refute the assertion. Readers of fiction at the time wanted something less cumbersome than the three-volume novel—something that should be at once crisp, fresh, and absorbing. I endeavoured to meet the demand, and I must confess that for my trouble I was rewarded beyond my expectations. I regarded the three-volume novel with distrust, and I pinned my faith on the sound, wholesome, and briskly written shilling book. But, for the present at least, the latter is played out, though I still adhere to my original plan of issuing from my press no work of fiction that cannot be conveniently embodied in a single volume."

"You have, then, classified your principal fiction issues into 'The Bristol Library,' the two-shilling and the three-and-sixpenny series?"

"Exactly. I began with the shilling novel. Then I brought out the two-shilling series. But now all my chief books take the three-and-sixpenny form, the pioneer of which was Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's 'Three Men in a Boat.' I still, however, keep up my 'Christmas Annuals,' and I intend to do so, for they have all been most successful. Last year the writer of the 'Annual' was 'Anthony Hope'—'The Indiscretion of the Duchess.' This year Mr. Walter Raymond will be the author, but, though the manuscript is in hand, the story, as yet, is unnamed. For the 'Annual' of 1896 I have secured the services of Mr. Rider Haggard. It is rather a large stake, but 'Nothing venture, nothing win.' I need scarcely remind you that my publications are not by any means devoted to fiction. They cover a much larger field than that. There are, to mention but one other class, the cricketing-books. 'Cricket,' by Dr. W. G. Grace, ran into an edition of 11,500; while of the *édition-de-luxe*, at a couple of guineas each, 652 were sold. 'Batting, Bowling, and Fielding,' which consists of two chapters or so from the Champion's larger work, had a capital run, and is running still. Then there are Daff's 'Kings of Cricket,' and other works more or less bearing on sport, such as Christian's 'At the Sign of the Wicket,' and so on. I may add, however, that, judged by the test of popularity, my most successful ventures have been in the sphere of fiction. The circulation of 'Called Back' you know, and 'Three Men in a Boat' soon ran up to a total of 140,000. 'Hugh Conway's' 'Dark Days' went well into six figures, and of 'The Tinted Venus,' 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' 'A Great Shadow' (as an 'Annual' in the three-and-sixpenny form), Max O'Rell's books and those of Sir Walter Besant, my presses turned out from 14,000 to 30,000 or 40,000 each."

"These are large figures, Mr. Arrowsmith?"

"No doubt, but then I execute all my own printing, and there is little or no delay or trouble. Nine large machines on my premises are almost constantly running on book-work."

"Do provincial publishers suffer any disadvantage as compared with their Metropolitan brethren?"

"They do and they do not. It is largely a question of organisation. At one time the Metropolitan publisher had the advantage, because he could get into closer touch with the many eminent authors who live in and near London. But for the provincial man this disability has been much modified—in fact, almost entirely removed—by the intervention of the literary agent. It is a matter of indifference to him where the publisher may be, all things being equal. You may call it centralisation if you like; but it is a centralisation which both the successful author and

the provincial publisher find convenient and satisfactory. For my own part, I have suffered very little indeed from the non-Metropolitan position of my chief office. You may judge of that yourself by this list of writers whose works bear my imprint. 'Hugh Conway' was a resident Bristolian, and, of course, need not be considered in this special connection. But here are the names of Sir Walter Besant, Sir E. J. Reed, Robert Buchanan, Gilbert Parker, 'Anthony Hope,' Fred Anstey, Conan Doyle, Jerome K. Jerome, Grant Allen, Max O'Rell, George Grossmith, Harry Furniss, Hamilton Aidé, James Greenwood, Wilkie Collins, Andrew Lang, Mona Caird, John Strange Winter, Brander Matthews, B. L. Farjeon, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, I. Zangwill, and a host of others. No, I cannot complain that I have suffered anything from the diversion Londonwards of the stream of manuscript. On the contrary, it would be rather a relief than otherwise if some of the manuscripts were *not* projected into Bristol, for with me, as with every other publisher, the labour of weeding-out is very heavy. I suspect," observed Mr. Arrowsmith, half plaintively, "that people, when they fail at their legitimate avocations, at once dash into 'literature,' under the impression that they are bound to make fortunes. It is naturally very painful to have to check the strong current of their hopes; but, out of the average of three manuscripts daily received at this office, you may guess there is a very large and utterly worthless percentage. And, reverting to the provincial question, the country publisher need not suffer in the matter of distribution if his organisation is fairly good. Distribution of my published works in London is carried out by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., who are, without doubt, the largest firm of the kind in the world. They practically command all the important provincial centres of distribution as well."

"Have you discerned any marked change in the taste for fiction?"

"Oh, yes! There is not now so much demand for sensational literature. On the other hand, frivolous and humorous stories always command a tolerably good market, especially during the summer months. But historic romances, such as 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' are in the ascendency. I should say, though, that Stanley Weyman's 'A Gentleman of France' did much to popularise the historical romance. As for the so-called 'problem-novel'—well, it is, like the problem-play, doomed. And I shall be all the more pleased when both are as extinct as the dodo. Against novels of that kind I have particularly and persistently set my face, and I can conscientiously and gladly say that none have been issued from my press."

"I know you suffered considerably in the 'Called Back' days from the laxity of the copyright laws. Do you find a marked improvement now?"

"I certainly do. In point: I was able to fully copyright 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' and, as a consequence, a sum of between £700 and £800 has been received in fees from America."

"And here," remarked Mr. Arrowsmith, as I rose to go, "is a new work by Mr. T. H. S. Escott in course of preparation. It deals with the Platform and the Press. That is a good portrait of the author, is it not?"

"Yes, an admirable portrait."

And the rumble and click of the printing-machines, away somewhere in the basement, sounded faintly in my ears as I threaded my way out of the great Arrowsmith establishment.

G. F.-K.



IMPUDENCE.

Photo by Hana, Strand.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

I wonder why it is that English people do not more favour Russia as a holiday resort? There are enough hotels now to save the traveller from absolute destitution, if he hankers after such conveniences; provisions and carriages are cheap and plentiful, and the tourist need be lavish of nothing but his time. Perhaps this last requisite is the real bar. It takes the best part of three days to reach St. Petersburg or Moscow from London, whereas, with modern improvements and special trains, a traveller to Switzerland may be at the bottom of a suitable crevasse within forty-eight hours after leaving Charing Cross.

Time was not made for Russians. In this the nation may show the Oriental strain that has somehow got into the blood. But perhaps it is also due to the fact that, for about two centuries, the country has lived under a bureaucracy—an organisation imitated from French and German models, but with a touch of the Chinese also about it. This was to be expected. An official system set to work by itself, without occasional violent interference from the suffering public, for whose sake it is supposed to exist, becomes an end instead of a means. The people is governed in order to run a bureaucracy, and baby industries are born for the purpose of being swaddled in red tape. Thieves and murderers have to be caught, not for the protection of Society, but in order that the catchers may earn their salaries. In short, the latent idea at the heart of every true official is that things at large exist for the purpose of being put down on stamped paper. Whatever he refuses, or even forgets to put down on stamped paper, is not only unimportant, but does not exist.

This feeling is restrained, even in the Russian *tehinornik*, by the rudimentary traces of what we should call common sense. If all his rules and regulations were strictly carried out, life would be intolerable, even to himself. He lives, therefore, by a sort of working compromise. Let us say that some business that comes under his supervision could be done in an hour, to the satisfaction of all parties, without the preparation of a single document. His rules authorise him to require a dozen documents, taking three months to prepare. Being human, though official, he remains content with seven documents and as many weeks. And he who suffers from this modified demand will, if he be a wise man, reflect that officials are the same all the world over, that matters are far worse in Turkey or China, where a bureaucracy does not even try to "crat." And even our own proud Post Office, with the premier duke at its head, might easily become a burden but for the thankless labours of wild reformers, who dream of some day being able to buy post-cards or registered envelopes in any number without working out the price by a table of logarithms.

There is a certain air of repose about even the most modern and rapid of Russian institutions—a railway train. On entering the frontier station at Wirballen, one is impressed with the enormous leisure of the place. On the German border one was expected to get one's baggage inspected and one's lunch taken within twenty-five minutes. Here reigns no such hurry. Two hours are allowed—and taken. The usual hall, with the usual counter round it, receives boxes and passengers. Passports are handed to an official, and by him to others. Now and then an official will get one, or possibly two, passports from the pile, and stroll round the counter, murmuring something like a name or names, till he finds the owner. Then the baggage is inspected, sometimes rigorously, sometimes by unlocking a box, lifting the lid, and shutting it again. Then the official takes a stroll, and finally goes back for another passport.

The matter is very simple. Two hours are put down to be occupied, and occupied they must be. When the baggage is done with, there is nothing to do but have a meal. Now, if each part of this operation takes an hour, there is a chance of spreading the business over the time. To do this, it is necessary to employ plenty of officials. The formula that lies at the bottom of bureaucracy is a simple Rule of Three sum: If one official can do a piece of business in twenty minutes, how many officials are required to make the same piece of business last an hour? The answer works out about a dozen.

But there is a time for hurry, even, reserved for those who like a scramble. Though every passenger in the waiting-room has come for the express purpose of travelling by the train, and the train is standing at the platform, nobody may take his place till a few minutes before the departure. Then comes the rush, the jam in the corridors of carriages, the hurling of bags on reeling racks, the perspiring and the pushing. I may be wrong, but it strikes me that, if ever the Chinese really took to railways, this is the way they would work them.

MAEMITON.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



A DAUGHTER OF OLD NILE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MAL HURST.

ART NOTES.

The discovery of Rubens' picture, "The Visitation," which was supposed to have been destroyed during the progress of one of the many fires which have broken out in Antwerp Cathedral, is an extremely interesting fact in itself, and is accompanied by an interesting history. The picture was found in Rheims by the well-known French connoisseur, M. Alvin Beaumont, who recognised it among the furniture of a curiosity-shop in that city, kept by a lady called Madame Lapersonne. M. Beaumont offered in exchange two Louis XV. arm-chairs and a sixteenth-century press, and carried away the picture in triumph. It did not take him long to prove the genuineness of the find, and the inevitable lawsuit followed. Happily for bargain-makers, the Court has quite rightly decided the contract to have been perfectly valid, and M. Beaumont is accordingly, we suppose, the possessor of a small fortune.

Why the picture should ever have been supposed to be destroyed by fire at Antwerp we cannot reasonably conceive, for it was part of the property which was stolen from the English College at Rheims when that ancient institution came to an end some two hundred years ago. According to the account before us, the picture remained hidden in an old house until its destruction, when it is presumed that the canvas drifted into the life of the curiosity-shop—a fact which makes the Antwerp tradition all the more inconceivable. However, the genealogy seems impeccable enough, and is precisely the same as that which attaches to the portrait of Cardinal Pole, which is at present the property of a French nobleman.

As to the worth of the picture itself, from the artistic point of view, we cannot, from description, pretend to any opinion, a hesitation which is all the more justified in the case of this particular artist. For, in truth, there was no more unequal painter, among the highest class of painters, in the world. Last week we referred to two or three of his sublimest masterpieces which are contained in the Antwerp Museum, such as "The Communion of St. Francis" and the "Piercing of Christ's Side." These are magnificent, not for those rather striking qualities of colour and composition which are common to all the works of Rubens, but for an additional inspiration of thought, of character, of splendid insight, which are wanting in all save the very greatest manifestations of art. And it is a fact that, despite his mighty gifts, Rubens did not often attain to the realisation of this ideal.

It is for this reason that one has not so ready an enthusiasm for the discovery of a Rubens as one would have, for example, for the discovery of a Rembrandt, in whom these higher qualities were far more persistent.



MRS. PERCY HUDSON.—W. LLEWELLYN.
Exhibited at the New Gallery.

If one makes a brief survey of a few among the great galleries which contain worthy examples of the art of Rubens, one is astonished to find how many examples there are which call out genuine admiration, but how few there are that inspire the highest form of admiration. Take



COTTAGE GIRL.—GEORGE CLAUSEN, A.R.A.

London, for example. We possess some fine examples of Rubens, but it cannot be truthfully maintained that the "Rape of the Sabines," or even the portrait of the painter's wife, are calculated to inspire ardent and eager enthusiasm. The stroke of the master is in the brush, indeed; the splendid satisfaction of his composition and the fulness of his line are not lacking. It is much, but it is all.

As we have said, that further thing, that bloom of inspiration which is the ultimate word of art, which makes poetry poetical and painting a revelation, is to be found in two or three of the Rubens's at Antwerp; in London there is not one; at Munich, which contains a roomful of his works, there is, with one incomplete exception (a "Crucifixion"), not one. "The Last Judgment," a wondrous study in horrors after the manner of Michael Angelo in the Capella Sistina, is rather a *tour-de-force* than a truly artistic achievement; and one picture, of several sorts of very pink nude ladies, in the same gallery, shows Rubens at his very worst. It is for reasons such as these that the discovery of a new Rubens finds us with patient, chastened minds.

In this extremely slack season, when exhibitions are no more, and when artists are dwelling in a chrysalis state before their budding forth in the springtime, there is only one busy influence, and that is death. The death of Mr. Thomas Hovenden, the American artist, who was said by his enthusiastic countrymen to have "touched the wide and general feeling which makes all akin"—he painted pictures called "Bringing Home the Bride," "Held by the Enemy," "Breaking Home Ties," and other eloquent works—died a very pathetic death the other day in trying to save a little child from a train on a level crossing. Both he and the child were killed. He was not a great artist in any ordinary sense of the term; but he had an extraordinary vogue in America, very much of the same kind as many popular English artists of a generation ago who painted domestic subjects of a nice and stirring character. He studied at one time at Paris, under Cabanel, and was still comparatively a young man at the time of his death.

Among other deaths to be chronicled is that of M. Marcellin Vercollier, an architect of some note in Paris, and that of the very venerable painter, M. Bronzi, who in his latter days was the director of the Toulon Museum, and who has died at the age of eighty-two. Such fame as he had died before him.

"Masterpieces of the Great Artists" (1400-1700), by Mrs. Arthur Bell (George Bell and Sons), is intended to bring together trustworthy reproductions of those masterpieces of mediæval painting which have acquired an exceptional celebrity. The collection may, perhaps, claim to be unique in that the reproductions have in every case been made from photographs of the original, not from copies or engravings.



THE EMPTY CRADLE.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

THE PASS OF GLENCOE.

Photographs by Valentine and Sons, Dundee.



THE SCENE OF THE MASSACRE.



THE "THREE SISTERS."

THE PASS OF GLENCOE.

Photographs by Valentine and Sons, Dundee.



GLENCOE.



THE PASS, FROM NEAR THE BRIDGE OF THE THREE WATERS.

"ALL ABROAD," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Time seems to have shown that the musical farce "All Abroad," with three authors and one avowed composer, enjoys success, and that once more Mr. "Owen Hall" has shown skill in guessing the public taste and writing to it. No doubt it is possible to cavil: one might suggest that, to have a poster obviously taken from a drawing by Mr. Dudley Hardy, and used without his name or consent, and to have a song whose music is that of a popular French music-hall song, but is ascribed to Mr. Frederick Rosse, is to court adverse comment. However, the fact remains that the class of work invented by the authors of "Morocco Bound" once more has met with favour. Much—most, indeed—of the success is due to Miss Ada Reeve. When she appeared in "The Shop Girl," one objected, of course, to the touch of music-hall in her style. "The little lady"—a phrase that I borrow with honour from the regular entertainment journalist, is now really in her place, and, as Madame Montesquieu, is delightful. Madame Montesquieu! The name is curiously chosen. It is strange to think that the name of the famous author of the "Persian Letters" and of "L'Esprit des Lois," and other now unread books, should have been chosen for heroine of a musical farce which knows no laws, and has very little *esprit*. Certainly Miss Ada Reeve makes the part fascinating. One can understand how the Baron Fontenay fell in love with



MISS KATE CUTLER AS CONNIE.

her. It is a pity that once more Mr. H. de Lange has a tantalising part—has but the chance of showing how funny he could be.

One could not find a pleasanter or prettier contrast to Miss Ada Reeve than Miss Kate Cutler as Connie, Mr. Beaver's ward. Each time I hear her I protest for a minute that her voice is too weak, and then find that she is so charming in her singing, as well as her person, that the protest becomes as inefficacious as most of the advertised remedies for *mal de mer*. One can compare her with but Miss Decima Moore, whose loss we mourn—not that she has the energy and "go," but she shows the same conquering charm of style. One regrets that Mr. J. Coates has not more singing, for in his "'Tis true, my love, we only met," he uses well a voice of more than common quality. I fear I have forgotten the quartet who are parents of the work, but, really, there is not very much to be said about them, save, perhaps, that Mr. Risque shows some skill and sense of humour in his lyrics, and Mr. Rosse, though his orchestration is rather monotonous, has a gift for writing fluent melody. There are comic people, whom I have not yet named, whose work is of great utility, so I make haste to say that Messrs. Horace Mills and Charles Stevens are really funny in a broad, simple, energetic, obvious manner, and earn much and well-deserved applause.



MISS ADA REEVE AS MADAME MONTESQUIEU.



MISS ADA REEVE AS MADAME MONTESQUIEU.



MISS KATE CUTLER IN "ALL ABROAD," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE AMERICAN GIRL EXPORTS A LORD.



A NOVEL LIFE-BELT.



ORPHEUS AT THE SEASIDE.



EASILY ARRANGED.

NELLIE : Well, Jack, I think you might *do* something to show your love for me.
JACK : All right, Nellie ; you jump into the water and I'll save you.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

LOYALTY.

BY MRS. ARTHUR KENNARD.

"Thought I'd look in and catch you, old fellow, before you went out," drawled George Falkner, sauntering into his friend Gerald Fane's room, in St. James's Street, one afternoon in the height of the Season.

"Shall not be half a second," said Gerald, turning from the bureau where he was writing; "paying a bill or two, for a change."

"What a beastly extravagant thing to do! Worst policy in the world, believe me. If you pay them, they cease to care tuppence for you; whereas, if you leave a nice long bill owing, they're always so delighted to see you back. I like people to take an interest in me."

George was a young man about town, very much "in the swim"; Gerald was also "in the swim," but not quite so much about town as George, being, if possible, of a more indolent habit. The two had been chums at Eton, and had kept up a sort of friendship through the vicissitudes of Oxford into their later career. George was a man of any society or any nation, since the time when women and cards were invented. Gerald was a man of the particular century and nation to which he belonged, occupying his niche with cynical indifference, and a certain amount of material enjoyment.

There was a woman—but of that presently.

"I really must pay that old skinflint Thorneycroft," said Gerald, from the bureau. "He stands in the hall, and won't be persuaded to go away—such a bore for the other fellows in the house. I landed a little off Bill Heathcote last night; thought I might as well do the virtuous this afternoon."

"You know best, I suppose," said George, surveying himself in the glass with the irresistible eyes, and smoothing down one of the perfect ties that had gained for him the name of "Eyes and Ties." "How long will it take?"

"I tell you, only half a second. You will find a weed somewhere if you look for it."

"Sooner have a cigarette of my own, thanks. Consider the hours I keep, and the strain that is put on my nerves! One of your long twenty-fours would bowl me over completely."

"Ring for liquid, if you want it. Saunders has hock and seltzer somewhere on ice."

"That will just suit my complaint," feeling, as he spoke, for his cigarette-case in the pocket of his coat. "By Jove! what a besotted ass I am! When you have done, I want to write a line, if I may."

"Certainly. There you are," said his friend, blotting his envelope.

"Mrs. Macdonald asked me to go to her box this evening—'Romeo and Juliet,' De Reske as Romeo. Just come across her letter in my pocket. I am dining at the Vernons', worse luck!"

"Surely you ought to send down at once. She will hardly have time to fill your place now. Shall I tell Saunders to fetch a commissionnaire?"

"Thanks, I think a fleet hansom would be better."

The letter took a certain amount of time to write. George Falkner was twenty-five, and fond of the woman he wrote to.

"Got some sealing-wax?" he asked presently, turning over the pens.

"Don't know that I have; there might be a piece in the left-hand drawer."

"That will do first-rate, can use my last half-sovereign as a seal. Would you ring, like a good fellow, and we'll tell Saunders to charter a hansom to 104, Grosvenor Place; let him take the fellow's number."

This done, George sat down in an arm-chair opposite his friend.

"Going to Sloughborough House to-night?" he asked presently, nodding at a card that had been placed in front of the clock.

"Yes, I think so."

"Dining at the Hammonds' first, I see."

"You're a cool hand, George. How do you know?"

"Why, of course, your fellow stuck it out there. I thought perhaps you might have been going to the Opera."

"If you mean to Mrs. Macdonald's box, she has not done me the honour to ask me; but, even if she had, I could not go."

"Lively last night, wasn't it?" said George, after a short silence.

"I have seen it worse at the Berkeley."

"I forgot, you left before Jack Dawson took the bank. Good Lord, it was a flutter! The way to win at baccarat is to take the bank."

Then the talk drifted to racing. Someone had come "no end of a cropper" over Thunderbolt for the Ascot Cup, another had "won a pot of money" over Greased Lightning at Sandown. After half an hour of this exhilarating conversation, George, having a polo-pony to exercise in the Park, sauntered off as he had come.

Mr. Macdonald and his sister had been that afternoon to a lecture, at the Royal Institution, on "Tree and Serpent Worship." The Honourable Willie was wrapt up in ancient religions and peoples, and spent most of his time, when in London, listening to learned disquisitions, when in Wiltshire in opening "barrows" and excavating encampments. He was tall and near-sighted, with the expression of dwelling, as Ethel's German governess used to express it, "zwischen Himmel und Erde." George Falkner's letter lay on the slab as he passed down the hall. Ethel raised it, and followed her brother into the study.

"I am certain that fellow was inaccurate in his statement on the

subject of the theological views of the Andaman Islanders," said the Honourable Willie, undoing the Macdonald tartan that he habitually wore as a neckerchief. "What's that letter you've got?"

"I imagine it's from one of the men Cissie wrote to for this evening."

"You had better open it, then, hadn't you?"

"I think so. There is not very much time left, in case of a refusal, to ask anyone else, and nothing is so depressing as two women alone in an opera-box."

Ethel was fresh and pure as the white hyacinths that were sent from the Mersham conservatories to deck the Grosvenor Place drawing-room. In spite of its seal, she opened the letter, read the first few lines, turned scarlet, and dropped it on the table. Her brother, slow in the observation of most things, was quick to see a change of expression on the faces of those he loved. Taking the letter, he read it also. For those few seconds, Ethel felt as though she were living through "Some Emotions and a Moral." When he had done, he sat down on the edge of a chair, brushing his hat the wrong way: his was not a quick-moving intellect.

"Those are Mr. Fane's initials, are they not?" he asked presently.

"Yes."

"That is his address?"

"I think so."

Deliberately he folded the Macdonald tartan across his chest, put the letter into his pocket, and left the room.

His feeling for Cecilia Macdonald was the one romance of Gerald Fane's life. She was in Dresden with her mother, studying art, as she phrased it, when he first met her. Gerald was also studying art to the extent of playing the violin very much out of tune. He and she had many an evening crunched the gravel of the "Brühlische Terasse" together, gazed at the moonlight and the vine-clad hills, and talked of their respective pursuits. He rather bored her, but, as the only alternative was conversation with German officers, she honoured the Englishman with her undivided attention. His passion for her, during those few weeks, entered wedge-like into his life. He accepted his doom when he heard that she was engaged to the Honourable William Macdonald, for he knew that he was too poor to take the burden of her life as well as his own. In course of time he became a Foreign Office clerk, and, not a model young man, he often drank more champagne than was good for him; he frequented a private gambling club in St. James's, and lost larger sums on horses than he could afford; but, as among the poor Indian's rags and tatters was found hidden a diamond of great price, so among the rags and tatters of Gerald Fane's life might be found hidden his love for Cecilia Macdonald. Now he sat thinking of her and George Falkner, with a certain amount of perplexity and a great deal of dejection, for, though constant to his ideal, he could not avoid hearing the gossip of Mayfair drawing-rooms.

The tinkle of the electric bell, a step on the stairs, and the sudden opening of the door, startled him from his brown study. Dishevelled and agitated, the Honourable Willie at that moment formed as great a contrast to the urbane man of letters he had been accustomed to associate with Cissie's husband as it was possible to imagine. The wrath of a habitually calm man is always more portentous than the wrath of a violent one. For a second Gerald could not resist a passing feeling of amusement as, setting down his hat among the cigars and cigar-ash, his visitor fumbled in his pocket. A full comprehension of the situation, however, when George Falkner's letter was produced, soon chased away the faintest inclination to the shadow of a smile.

The infuriated husband's maledictions did not last long. Even in the midst of the absurd, pathetic, irrelevant harangue, Gerald was forced to admit that scathing remarks on the morals of the young men of the moribund century came with a certain incisive truth from a man who had hitherto been absorbed in studying the manners and morals of his remote ancestors. When, towards the end, he flourished his stick, with a declaration that if he, Gerald Fane, ever spoke to his wife or put his foot inside his house again, he would feel called upon to resort to justifiable castigation, Gerald felt, for one lurid moment, that it was just as much as he could do to resist the temptation of hastening his unbidden guest's departure by coercive measures; but he only folded his arms and bent his head, knowing that, for her sake, not a movement must be made, not a word must be spoken.

When Gerald found himself at last in possession of his own hearthrug, he laughed consumedly for at least five seconds; when that was over, he sank into the arm-chair beside him, and fell to "figuring up" what it all meant to him. After a certain amount of time spent in this occupation, he came to the conclusion that he would neither marry his landlady, nor cut his throat, nor take to drink, but that life would be a confoundedly dull business.

"I say, old fellow, when, in future, you write compromising letters to ladies that may fall into their husbands' hands, I wish you wouldn't use my note-paper and write from my rooms," said Gerald Fane, meeting George Falkner in the hall of Sloughborough House that evening.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. I had a visit from Macdonald this afternoon, which was by no means pleasant, I can tell you."

"The devil you had!" said George, shocked a little out of his usual calm. "Had he—?"

"Yes, he had."

"What did you do?"

"What could I do but keep your counsel?"

"You're a brick, Gerald!"

"I dare say."

"I thought it a rum go," George went on meditatively. "Macdonald is here with his wife, to-night; there they are. For God's sake, slope Gerald, or there will be a row."

"Tall and slim, clothed in a white gown, audacious in its very

was so suggestive of being under the command of Mynheer Vanderdecken. They moved about in such dull, silent, listless fashion. Yet the poor men's lives are not so dull as those of their brethren out on the Galloper, twenty-two miles off the Essex coast. "Out of sight, out of mind," is the lot of the men who lie there awake at nights, listening to the scrubbing of the cable. "We don't get many visitors, I can tell you," said one of the lightship men; but then, brightening up suddenly, he added, "but sometimes, after a heavy gale, a corpse *does* come floating by." On the Nore lightship, some years ago, they used to keep a good stock of dynamite. They don't do this now, and the men are much happier in their minds. Some folk think that a lightship is not at all



THE NORE LIGHTSHIP.



MUCKING FLAT LIGHT.

simplicity, Cecilia swept through the doorway opposite. For a moment or two Gerald looked at her, as if he hadn't heard.

"Does she know?" he asked hurriedly.

"No; I met her at the French Embassy, before coming here. She said nothing."

"Macdonald's not half a bad chap; he won't bully her."

The husband and wife came closer. George went to meet them.

Gerald watched her as she lifted her eyes to George's face, passed her arm into his, and turned away with him down the passage, leaving her husband gazing absently at some ancient tapestries in the hall.

Somehow, the cigar that Gerald smoked as he walked home across the Green Park seemed to have no flavour, and the deep tones of Big Ben striking midnight fell with the dreariness of a funeral march on his ear.

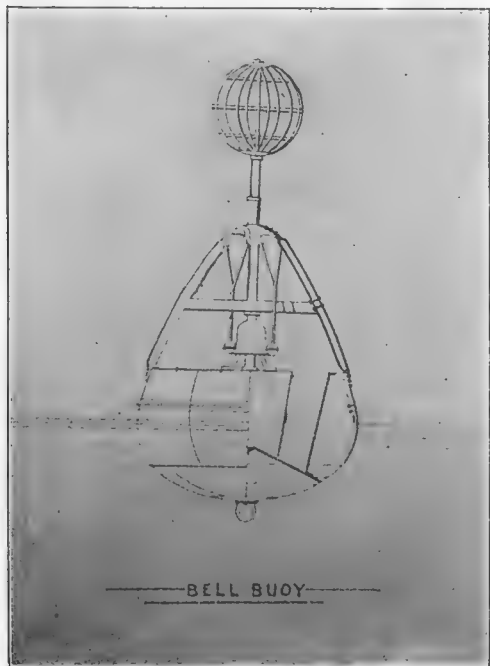
THE THAMES WAY.

Photographs by Mr. Alfred J. Padgett.

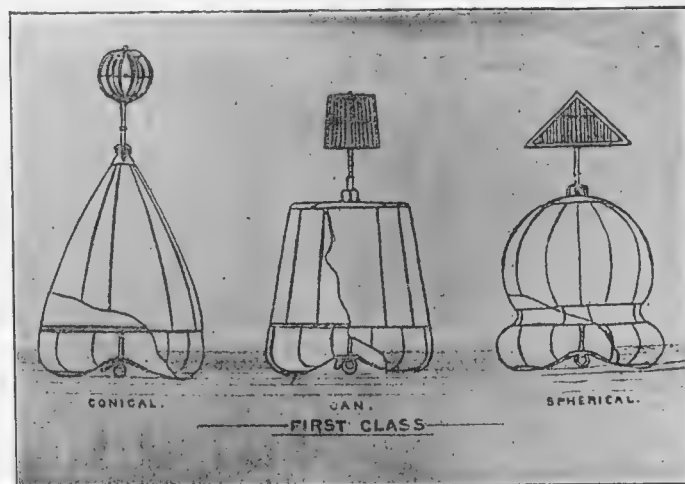
Even the most venerable joke can die a natural death. How thankful would have been our beloved grandfathers if they knew that the time had come when the wretch who made a jape anent the "Buoy at the

Nore" would be ducked in one of the bathrooms of the Corinthian, Erith, tumbled down the slopes of the Alexandra, or simply come to an untimely end at the Nore Yacht Club, despite the genial influences of the refreshments of the New Falcon. The Nore itself, nowadays—at least, to the fisher or sailing-club man—has grown to be so familiar to sight as to be not worth the trouble of a second glance. But, for all that, there is a wee bit of romance about it. Ask the Trinity Board people to let you spend a night on it, even at the risk of being refused. It is some sixteen years since the writer of this spent his first time there. He had a remarkably rough passage

likely to be liable to accident. This is a very big mistake indeed. A while back, the Tongue lightship was run down in broad daylight. It can be accounted for thuswise: A sailing ship sets its course at the light-vessel. It would be all right if it blew steadily, and the tide kept on evenly. But the wind drops; there is not enough to fill the sails, and, what with drift of tide, into the Tongue, Nore, Swin, Middle, or what-not, it may go. This makes some of the lightmen have a morbid aversion to a dynamite freight. And you may ask, for you don't want any particular science (there isn't, by the way, any space for it). What do they do to while away the time? They go in hugely for box-making. Once, on the Nore, whenever a new hand made his appearance, the oldsters instructed him in the art of marquetry. In a very short time he proved to be more skilful in the art than the best part of the cabinet workmen in the so-called London slaughter-houses. Yet it isn't pleasant to see the men chipping and sawing away in the cabin. One thinks of the curious egg- or mango-shaped snuff-boxes of the Rhodes galley-slaves. Sometimes aboard the Thames lightships they do get certain visitors. All sorts of odd birds make for them. On board the Tongue Light a bushel of larks has been collected. They dashed themselves insensible against the big lamp. Well, but the Nore Light? It is an ancient institution. (In old geography-books and maps it is styled the Nore Sand, not Nore.) It was set swinging in 1730, and was the first lightship on the British coasts, being the spec. of a private individual, who was permitted to charge a shilling toll on vessels passing it above a certain tonnage. Not much note was taken of it beyond a few short pars. in the gazettes of the day. Mucking Flat Light is at the other end, or, as one might say, the beginning of the



BELL BUOY



CONICAL.

CAN.

SPHERICAL.

FIRST CLASS

from Sheerness to fetch it at all. When he got aboard it did not add to his general cheerfulness. Everything was a dull red—anchors, buckets, mizzen, winches, blocks, &c. It struck him as being like a phantom ship that had been pelted with over-ripe beetroot—the crew

Estuary. It is kept up by two men, who live in cottages near by. About the Thames buoys: a regular buoy system was only finally established in 1883. The final resolutions were signed "Alfred, Vice-Admiral, Master of the Trinity House" (now of Coburg). It was then agreed that a buoy showing the pointed top of a cone above water should be called "conical," and always be starboard hand; flat-topped called "can," and always port hand; dome-topped, "spherical," and mark middle grounds.

A NORMAN WATERING-PLACE.

Of course, the average Englishman has visited France. He has been to Boulogne on his way to Paris, and spent a few days at that shoddy place, where the seaside chiefly is foul-smelling harbour, and has not wasted even a few hours in the delightful Amiens—the Venice of France. Or he has gone by Dieppe, a place really worth a visit, and has omitted



THE QUAY AT TRÉPORT.

Rouen, one of the most interesting, picturesque cities in the world—a city, too, from which, by river or land, a hundred charming excursions can be made. However, at this time of the year, it is not, perhaps, a question of towns, but seaside, that concerns the world; and since, like all scribblers, I find that my pen has irresistible attractions, even when I am supposed to be utterly lazy, I cannot keep back some words about Le Tréport, the little seaside place, or “station balnéaire,” at which I am now spending a third visit.

As a matter of personal taste, I avoid Dieppe, because it is large, fashionable, and overrun with my compatriots, and I have already expressed my opinion about Boulogne. I feel, however, that it is unfair even to seem to disparage Dieppe, a place that many find delightful, and all consider healthy and amusing. Consequently, since I love the change of climate, diet, and moral atmosphere that can only be obtained by crossing the Channel, I was in a fix, seeing that I am too lazy to go far

from Victoria, I could reach Le Tréport in time for dinner. Why “Le Tréport”? you may ask. Are there three ports, and, if so, why is it not “Les Tréports”? I am afraid I cannot answer the question. One learned writer says that the name is derived from the Celtic word “traez,” which means sand; another that it is “the advanced port,” and was christened in relation to Eu, a town whose name the daring etymologist has ventured to derive from “Augusta.” Of course, the town has a good deal of history. Like all the other Norman coast



THE BEACH.

places, it was the point of departure for the fleet of William the Conqueror. Apropos of etymology, the learned suggest that the mighty warrior—who, by the way, was married to Matilda at the Château of Eu—is not called “the Conqueror” because of his military exploits, but to signify that he acquired England as “conquestus”—that is, otherwise than by inheritance. Moreover, Le Tréport has had the orthodox attacks and burnings by the English. One of the noteworthy events of its modern history is the fact that, on her first two visits to France, her most gracious Majesty landed at Le Tréport, and spent some time as guest of Louis Philippe at the Château d’Eu.

I have visited many seaside places in France—indeed, almost all of note between Calais and Finistère—and know of none which, while so large as Tréport, is so purely French. “English Spoken” is not written on any shop-window that I have seen, and five-pound notes are looked at with distrust; but for the fact that small English trading



A VIEW OF THE COAST.

afield. Study of the “Indicateur chaix,” the French Bradshaw, and the guides Joanne and Conty, set my mind on Tréport, which is only twenty miles from Dieppe. Although I am the worst sailor in the world, I knew that the Newhaven and Dieppe passage, as a rule, is smoother than the shorter route, as well as far cheaper—a detail of importance to a journalist, and I found that, by taking the ten o’clock train

steamers visit the port, and, consequently, there is a “ship’s chandler,” I should have found difficulty in changing my money. Now, however, they take it—in very reasonable quantities—at the Hôtel des Bains, a comfortable, very clean, unpretentious hotel, with a remarkably good cook, who works in a scrupulously clean kitchen. “But how is it,” I asked the proprietor, “that you get such a cook for the short season?”

The answer was simple. The cook was the *chef* at a crack London club, who made his seaside holiday lucrative by undertaking what, to him, was the trifling work of supervising the hotel kitchen. "How could you go to such an unfashionable place as Le Tréport?" said a French friend of mine to me. "Why, it is like Margate."

Certainly Tréport is not a Trouville, and neither the fashionable world nor the half-world visit it nowadays, though Mers, a swiftly growing seaside place in the same bay, and but two miles off, is getting to be rather a swell place and full of aristocratic villas. Once, indeed, Le Tréport had its glories, for when the Château d'Eu, the property of the Orleans family, was open, the world naturally came down to Tréport, where there is still Le Pavillon d'Orléans, built to serve when the family was at the country seat which, alas! has remained empty and desolate for many years. However, Tréport is by no means a Margate, though at times excursion trains bring from Paris many of the smallest shop-keepers and their clerks, *demoiselles de comptoir*, &c. Even on such occasions the fares are too high to attract the "Arriets" and "Arries" of Paris. It is simply a favourite bathing-place for the upper middle-class, who come to it in large numbers, and, through the aid of the Casino, contrive quite a family life. Indeed, the observer can notice that a great deal of match-making is carried on in the curiously unromantic way that suits the French and startles the English, a way that may be described in a line by saying that in England we ask, "Whom did he marry?"; in France they inquire, "How much did he marry?"

The life of the place is bathing, as the splendid shelving shore offers pebble and deep sea, and sand and shallow water, at some time every day.

We have an unkind idea in England that the French are a hydrophobic race; but when it comes to sea-bathing, we are nowhere. Bathing goes on all day long. I have seen bathing at five in the morning and at eight in the evening, and many bathe twice, and even thrice. All bathe, from babes to grey-haired old men and ancient women who may be great-grandmothers. There are three bathing-places—one for men, one for women, and one for the two together, and it is the last that has all the custom. Of course, there are other joys. The Casino offers excellent concerts, balls, and theatrical entertainments, to say nothing of the *petits chevaux*. Shrimping is fashionable sport. No one who has not chased the agile shrimp in the sea, and had him cooked ere he has ceased to kick, and then eaten him warm, has any idea how delicate and delightful in taste is the humble cousin of the lobster. There is fishing, too, off the pier, as well as out at sea, and wonderful excursions can be made into the splendid Forest of Eu, which is over twenty miles in length and five in width.

Personally, I am too lazy to indulge in the excursions from which my friends, or rather, acquaintances, who, after ten days here, have grown numerous, return dusty and delighted. The phrase of the well-known general uttered on the historic occasion guides me, and when I get down to the beach, I say, "J'y suis, j'y reste," and I spend hours basking in the sun and watching the comic goings-on of the people, who wear their hearts on their sleeves, discuss everything with loud voices in public, talk with strangers on the least provocation, and take an interest in everything, and, in a word, are the merriest, simplest, and most entertaining creatures imaginable, when, as at Le Tréport, you catch them *au naturel*, and not sophisticated by notions of high life.—s.

MADAGASCAR.

Just now, when affairs in Madagascar are critical, the accompanying illustrations, which represent specimens from the East and West Coasts, may be of interest. The first was taken near Tamatave, and shows a couple of Betsimisaraka girls and a little slave-child. The former are evidently deeply interested in the art of the photographer, while the latter is altogether overcome by it. She is in the act of covering her mouth with her hand, which is quite characteristic of the natives when they are suddenly overpowered with astonishment or confused with shamefacedness. The same reason will cause a man to put his fist to his mouth and cry, "Odee!" and a lady member of a church choir will all at once cover her mouth with her *lamba* if she become conscious of opening it wide enough to excite ridicule. In front of the hut is the rum-barrel, which has been converted into a water-butt, and at the back, between the two houses, is the village scavenger, in the shape of a prowling pig. Both are indispensable to a Betsimisaraka idea of life.

The second picture represents some of the much-vaunted friends of France, who have recently proved so utterly untrustworthy for the purposes of the expedition. They are Sakalava, from the neighbourhood of St. Augustine's Bay—messengers and hostages taken up to Antananarivo, *via* Tamatave, by Prince Ramahatra after the occupation of Solary by the Hovas. They are dressed in the usual Sakalava style, being resplendent in beads, shells, and charms, with powder-horn and flint-box round their waists, and gun and spear in their hands. They are members of the Vezo tribe, and own the redoubtable Tompomanana as their lord. His power for evil has of late been somewhat limited, but formerly he and his ancestors did according to their own sweet will to native and foreigner alike. They have not been able to act the part of pirates and rob and plunder vessels for some years past, but they have long been accustomed to levy blackmail on the white men who have ventured to live among them.

One of their victims was the Norwegian missionary, still, we believe, resident among them. The King entered his house one day, in a truculent and half-drunken state, accompanied by a band of his followers. After looking round, turning everything upside down, and helping himself to whatever he fancied, he spied a ring on the missionary's finger which had belonged to his dead wife. "Give me



BETSIMISARAKA GIRLS AND SLAVE-CHILD, EAST COAST.

that," said Tompomanana. "I shall not," replied the missionary. "Take what you like, but not that. It was my wife's, and I shall only part with it with my life." "Then I will take your life," said the savage, and, without more ado, he gave the order to his followers to fire. It was obeyed forthwith, but, as they knew the missionary to be their friend, and they were wiser than their chief, they fired over the man's head, and then led Tompomanana away, declaring that he had no power to kill a man so evidently protected by God.

Such are some of the men whom the French hoped to obtain as their allies against the Hovas. No wonder that they have been deceived, and



SAKALAVA, FROM THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S BAY, WEST COAST.

that, notwithstanding considerable subsidies paid to hands eagerly stretched out to receive them, they find themselves practically without native assistance, and have therefore been obliged to again call for volunteers from Senegal and Dahomey. In the meantime, their difficulties continue to be enormous, and their poor, fever-stricken soldiers are being shipped from Majunga in hundreds.

"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA" ON THE STAGE.

THE AUTHOR AND THE ADAPTER.

Mr. Anthony Hope as a novelist we all know now, and also as a dealer in a smarter kind of wit than we have been accustomed to in these islands. In the near future we may expect to know him also as a



MR. ANTHONY HOPE.

Photo by Thompson, Grosvenor Street, W.

dramatist, for he is at present collaborating with Mr. Edward Rose in the production of a play. No other information is at present forthcoming with regard to this work than that it is to be a comedy in three acts, dealing with some aspects of modern society.

Mr. Hope certainly has the dramatic instinct, for "The Prisoner of Zenda," which has been dramatised by Mr. Rose, was produced on Wednesday at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, and proved an enormous success.

The other afternoon I had the pleasure of drinking tea with Mr. Hawkins and his *collaborateur* on the terrace at the National Liberal Club. Both gentlemen, by the way, are ardent Radicals. Mr. Hawkins is quite a young man; he was born in 1863, and he looks no more than his age. There is an almost boyish look in the long, oval, clean-shaven face; but in the grey eyes which look at one so intently there is deep earnestness of purpose and marked resolution. There is an alertness of movement, even as he hands a cup of tea to you, which betokens physical training, for Mr. Hawkins won no small reputation at Oxford as an athlete. Football was his chief game, he tells me; but as he gets few opportunities now for indulging his passion, he plays lawn-tennis instead.

It is not very easy to get Mr. Hawkins to talk about his work; and when I wanted to hear something about the forthcoming play, he referred me to Mr. Rose, saying, "It is his work; he is the dramatist, and he can tell you far more about it than I can." Then he sat back and listened.

Mr. Rose is, of course, already known to fame as a successful dramatic author and as an actor. He is a man of versatile talent. He is the dramatic critic of the *Sunday Times*, and it is he also who writes those charming descriptions of the "Stately Homes of England" in the *Illustrated London News*.

It was Mr. Rose who dramatised Anstey's fanciful story, "Vice-Versâ," which has now become a stock piece among amateurs; and there was a play of his called "Agatha Tylden," which was acted by Mrs. Langtry at the Haymarket. He has done more important work than this, but it is of "The Prisoner of Zenda," or "Zenda," as he familiarly calls it, of which Mr. Rose wishes, or, at least, is willing, to speak, and he will allow no reference to his previous work. "I received the book from Arrowsmith one evening," he began, "and happened to commence its perusal at once. I read on till bedtime, and then took the book to bed with me. Well, I finished it, and, as I lay thinking over it, instead of going to sleep, I said to myself, 'Here is the very story for a play!' It seemed as though it had been written for the purpose almost. The characters and incidents grouped themselves naturally into acts. It seemed quite plain sailing. At this time, I must tell you, I knew nothing whatever about Mr. Anthony Hope; but next morning I wrote to

Arrowsmith for his address, and, when I received it, I wrote to Mr. Hope, asking him if he would agree to let me dramatisé the story. He consented, and that is how the work started. I must say I never met an author with whom it was so pleasant to have dealings. Plenty of them cannot believe otherwise than that the story in the play must stand exactly as it is in the book, quite regardless of stage requirements; but Mr. Hope is not one of these—"

"Oh, but look here, Rose," interjected Mr. Hope; "you know very well that all your suggestions were of the most reasonable character: I could not possibly take exception to them."

"Well, go on, if you please, Mr. Rose," I remarked; "and let me hear something of the alterations you felt yourself bound to make."

"Well," continued Mr. Rose, "there were some very interesting things that happened in that moat, but we had to do without them. That was a pity, but I do not think there was any way out of the difficulty. As for the rest, the story is pretty closely adhered to until we come to the Coronation Scene. That, too, was impossible to represent on the stage—at least, it was impossible to do justice to it, and anything less would have cheapened the performance. However, I thought over the matter very carefully, as here was an opportunity for a remarkably effective spectacular display. Now, I am glad to say that this scene will be, I think, a feature of the representation. The guests are seen going to the grand ceremony and returning from it. Although the coronation itself cannot be seen, I do not think the public will really miss very much in having to imagine it. The procession affords a really gorgeous show, and the dresses are super-magnificent. You know that the scene of the imaginary kingdom of Ruritania is really laid in Germany, so, as far as possible, the uniforms and dresses are of a German character. The dresses, by the way, were made by Nathan, who, as an expert, was able to offer us a suggestion or two which proved valuable. The uniforms of the members of the Corps Diplomatique are as correct as possible, and, of course, all the countries of the world are represented at this important ceremony in Ruritania. Nathan begged us to remember particularly the Turkish Ambassador, and he arranged the dress for him. This especially glorious individual makes a splendid bit of colour, showing up even in the blaze of gorgeousness. For the rest, I think you know all, and I really believe I have nothing else to tell you."

"Oh, yes! there is something else," put in Mr. Hope, turning to me. "The truth is, Mr. Rose is altogether too modest a person, and, in sounding my praises, he has neglected his own performances. The fact that I acquiesced in all Mr. Rose's suggestions in regard to his dramatisation of the play, you will take, I hope, as an expression of my strongest approval of his work in that direction. But there is another thing which, as I have said, he neglected to tell you. There is a prologue to the play, and that prologue is entirely the work of Mr. Rose. I think it is an excellent idea, for the prologue contains the



MR. EDWARD ROSE.

Photo by Denulain, Baker Street, W.

explanation of those circumstances in the story which it would not be easy to furnish on the stage."

"Have you any intention whatever of visiting the United States, Mr. Hope?" I asked of the author whose work is so well known and so thoroughly appreciated across the pond.

"Well, no," was the reply; "I certainly have no fixed intention of doing so. I have received several very flattering invitations for a lecturing tour, but I have refused them all. Some day, of course, I may go, but there is plenty of time for that."

THE PRINCESS FLAVIA.

The young American actress who has "created" the part of Princess Flavia is a type of the very best style of American girl. She is sensible and straightforward, and has "no nonsense about her." Her personality is charming, and her small, well-shaped head is set exceedingly well on her shoulders. Though not of more than medium height, her dignified carriage and grace of movement make her look tall, while her delicately cut features and large, clear grey eyes, fit excellently well the character of the noble young Princess who sacrifices her life's love for "reasons of State," as set forth in the kingdom of Ruritania. Miss Kimball's voice also is delightfully free from any "twang," her speech is soft and melodious, and her tones deep. Altogether, in appearance and voice the representative of Princess Flavia is all that she should be.

Miss Kimball is the "leading lady" of Mr. E. H. Sothorn's company, and, although she has been but six years upon the stage, she has won for herself a most enviable position. She was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and lived there until she was about fourteen, when her family moved to New York. Her childhood life was like that of most American children; she went to school, she played, she enjoyed life in child fashion, and, like many another girl, she began to dream and to build air-castles.

There were no dramatic traditions in her family; no one belonging to her had had the remotest connection with the stage, but she was not in her teens before she had determined to become an actress. Her people were shocked at her intention, but they comforted themselves with the thought that she was but a child, and that this idea would pass away as she grew older, and, as they termed it, wiser. But they reckoned without their host. When she was sixteen, she entered the School of Acting conducted by Franklin Sargent, and began to study with a steadfast earnestness of purpose.

She remained in the school a year, and, at the end of that time, she played a few weeks under the management of Mr. Charles Frohman. That

with him as a most valuable one, since he gave her the first real idea of comedy work. At a general revival of "The Tempest," in Chicago, Miss Kimball played Miranda, with conspicuous success; then she joined Mr. Sothorn, with whom she has remained ever since.



MISS GRACE KIMBALL.

It is not a wonderful story. There are no strange happenings in it, but it does show what a girl of real ability may do when that ability is backed by pluck and common sense. A. M. L.

WHY THE PRISONER WAS BORN.

There was a day, now long gone by,
When novelists told stories
Of maidens fair of heart and eye,
Of Love with all its glories;
They led you to the altar stairs
And proffered no addenda
Of aught about the happy pairs
Who might have dwelt in Zenda.

Then writers hit upon the craze
Of introspective fiction,
Where life appeared a weary maze
Of matrimonial friction;
They ceased to paint their maidens sweet
As Jeanie Deans or Brenda,
Or Trilby with the killing feet,
Or her who lived at Zenda.

But then came back the old romance
In "She" and "Treasure Island,"
With tales of mediæval France,
And idylls, Scotch and Highland;
And, last of all, an antidote
To "Ghosts" and "Sodoms Ende,"
Whose name (and aim) was Hope; he wrote
"The Prisoner of Zenda."

So King Romance has come again
To claim his old dominion,
And tell us tales of mighty men,
Not feminine opinion.
At times his majesty may seem
Historical agenda,
At times a mere fantastic dream—
"The Prisoner of Zenda."

B.



MISS GRACE KIMBALL.

season she was at work only about six weeks, so she hardly reckons that as part of her career. It belongs to the educational period of her life. The next year she began her regular work, under the management of Mr. J. M. Hill, playing a small part in "A Possible Case." She went afterwards with Nat Goodwin, the well-known and versatile American comedian, in "The Nominee," and she accounts the season

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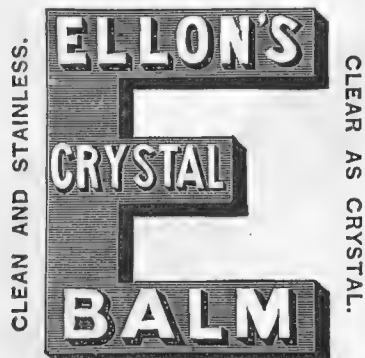
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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

Statistics, and plenty of them—in fact, too many of them—have marked the close of the cricket season. There is nothing which might be called enthralling about a mass of figures. You cannot sit down and read them through as you would a novel, for instance; but, all the same, the public will have them, and it will not be satisfied without.

I don't think there is a bigger audience for anything more than cricket writings in this world, not even for politics. Your average Englishman cannot get enough cricket notes, and, judging from the signs, he cannot get enough cricket. The combination of good cricket and good cricket notes is very bad to beat.

I must confess that there is a world of value in figures. I love figures. They enable you to go home and play all the matches over again on paper, and you can work up a vast amount of excitement. Fancy taking the score-sheet of, say, the Surrey and Somerset return match, and noting that, when the Champions went in to get about 171 runs to win, no fewer than three men were run out. It is almost enough to make you jump round the room and shriek.

For me there is nothing so pleasant as a look through old books of the game. My "Wisden" library has been profusely thumbed, and the older the volume, and therefore most distant from my memory, the better I like it. Let anyone depressed by the platitudinal doses doled out by the sporting dailies take up his "Wisdens," and he will enjoy a glance through the pages.

Surrey are, of course, champion county of the season. Everybody knows it now. It is coincidental that, even had the championship competition been decided upon the old system, the result would have been the same. However, it was utterly impossible this season to give the premiership to the county with the highest number of points, owing to the fact that all the teams did not play an equal number of matches.

The M.C.C., who were asked to adjudicate upon the matter, found themselves faced by a most puzzling question. This was the statement they ultimately put forth—

THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP.

After the close of each cricket season the Committee of the M.C.C. shall decide the County Championship.

It shall be competed for by first-class counties. No county shall be eligible unless it shall have played at least eight out-and-home matches with other counties, provided that if no play can take place, owing to weather or other unavoidable cause, such match shall be reckoned as unfinished.

One point shall be reckoned for each win; one deducted for each loss; unfinished games shall not be reckoned.

The county which during the season shall have in finished matches obtained the greatest proportionate number of points shall be reckoned champion county.

Now, it must be clear to everybody that this was the most, the only logical way of dealing with the problem. It has one fault, but that is a fault which looks like never being remedied, namely, the lack of adjudication on drawn games. The season's championship competition, therefore, resulted thus—

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Proportion of Points.
1. Surrey	26	17	4	5	61.90
2. Lancashire	21	14	4	3	55.55
3. Yorkshire	26	14	7	5	33.33
4. Gloucester	18	8	6	4	14.28
5. Derbyshire	16	5	4	7	11.11
6. Warwickshire	18	6	6	6	0
7. Middlesex	18	6	6	6	0
8. Somerset	17	6	8	3	-14.28
9. Essex	16	5	7	4	-16.66
10. Hampshire	16	6	9	1	-20
11. Sussex	18	5	9	4	-28.57
12. Leicester	16	3	10	3	-53.84
13. Notts	18	3	10	5	-53.84
14. Kent	18	3	11	4	-57.14

As an instance of the remarkably stout battle it has been between Surrey and Lancashire for the coveted premiership, one has only to look at the bowling and batting figures of the various counties, all the extraneous matches being omitted. These are as follow—

COUNTY BATTING.				COUNTY BOWLING.			
	Runs.	Wkts.	Aver.		Runs.	Wkts.	Aver.
Surrey	8882	339	26.20	Lancashire	6282	380	16.53
Kent	6321	310	23.90	Surrey	8320	492	16.91
Lancashire	7838	330	23.75	Yorkshire	8125	466	17.43
Yorkshire	9442	406	23.25	Essex	5012	270	18.56
Middlesex	6248	280	22.31	Gloucester	5836	308	18.94
Warwickshire	6536	293	22.30	Hampshire	5389	270	19.92
Derbyshire	5614	257	21.84	Derbyshire	5497	270	20.35
Sussex	6587	312	21.11	Middlesex	6851	301	22.76
Somerset	6608	315	20.97	Warwickshire	6723	283	23.75
Gloucester	5720	284	20.14	Notts	5962	250	23.84
Notts	5641	303	18.61	Leicestershire	5585	234	23.86
Hampshire	5588	301	18.56	Somerset	7231	287	25.20
Essex	5072	281	18.04	Kent	6656	252	26.41
Leicestershire	4416	310	14.24	Sussex	7041	258	27.29

Sugg. Mold. C. H. Benton. Paul. Lancaster. Tinsley. Baker. Ward.



Smith.

Briggs.

Hallam.

THE LANCASHIRE ELEVEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CHAFFIN AND SONS, TAUNTON.

The Lancashire team are much to be sympathised with on having lost the Championship. Not that they deserved to win it, but because they had such a brilliant season, and yet could not beat Surrey. The Lancastrians, nevertheless, are a splendid combination, and they hold the honour, not alone of scoring the highest innings aggregate of the season, 801, against Somerset, and the highest individual score, 424, by Mr. MacLaren, but of causing the lowest, 35, by Notts. The batting of the side was in the able hands of Mr. MacLaren, Ward, Sugg, Tyldesley, and others, and the bowling was entrusted to Briggs and Mold, whose success has been quite phenomenal. The Lancashire team, too, is famed for its fielding.

ATHLETICS.

We have not long to wait now for the great battle between the New York A.C. and the L.A.C. Unfortunately, the battle will be less great than originally expected, and it now seems likely enough that our dear friends the Americans will come off first best.

The defection of Messrs. Bredin, Bacon, Horgan, Kiely, Fry, Ryan, Munro, and Barry, it stands to common reason, must ruin our chance utterly. We have yet to learn why these champions withdrew at the eleventh hour, as it were. Of course, as amateurs and gentlemen, they can do as they please; but their conduct in this matter scarcely commends itself to patriotic Britishers.

The team for the L.A.C., as now constituted, assumes the following aspect, and the "record" performance of the competitor is placed after his name—

100 Yards.—C. A. Bradley (10 sec.), champion; A. R. Downer (10 sec.), Scottish champion.

220 Yards.—A. R. Downer, G. Jordan (21 4-5 sec.).

440 Yards.—W. FitzHerbert (49½ sec.), champion and Inter-'Varsity winner; G. Jordan (50 4-5 sec.), or C. H. Lewing (50 4-5 sec.).

880 Yards.—F. S. Horan (1 min. 56 3-5 sec.); Godfrey Shaw.

One Mile.—W. E. Lutyens (4 min. 19 4-5 sec.), Inter-'Varsity winner; E. J. Wilkins (about 4 min. 25 sec.).

Three Miles.—F. S. Horan (14 min. 44 3-5 sec.), Inter-'Varsity winner; W. E. Lutyens; E. J. Wilkins.

120 Yards Hurdles (on cinders).—Godfrey Shaw (15 4-5 sec. on grass), champion; W. J. Oakley (16 1-5 sec. on grass), Inter-'Varsity winner.

High Jump.—R. Williams (6 ft.), ex-champion; A. B. Johnston (5 ft. 8 in.).

Long Jump.—W. J. Oakley (22 ft. 8 in.), champion; W. Mendelson (22 ft. 5½ in.), Inter-'Varsity winner.

Putting the Weight.—E. J. Watson (37 ft. 9 in.), Inter-'Varsity winner.

Throwing the Hammer.—G. S. Robertson (116 ft. 7 in.), Inter-'Varsity winner; A. B. Johnston (109 ft. 8 in.).

Here, also, is the probable team to act on behalf of the New York Athletic Club, but I understand that it has not yet been definitely decided upon—

100 Yards.—T. I. Lee (10 sec.), champion; J. V. Crum (10 sec.), Inter-Collegiate winner.

220 Yards.—T. I. Lee (21 4-5 sec.), champion; J. V. Crum (21 4-5 sec.), Inter-Collegiate winner.

440 Yards.—G. M. Sands (51 sec.).

880 Yards.—C. Kilpatrick (1 min. 55 4-5 sec.), champion.

One Mile.—T. P. Conneff (4 min. 17 4-5 sec.); G. W. Orton (4 min. 23 2-5 sec.), champion and Inter-Collegiate winner.

Three Miles.—E. O. Carter; G. W. Orton.

120 Yards Hurdles (on cinders).—S. Chase (15 3-5 sec.), champion and Inter-Collegiate winner; E. H. Cady (16 sec.).

High Jump.—M. F. Sweeney (6 ft. 4½ in.), champion.

Long Jump.—E. E. B. Bloss (23 ft. 4 in.); L. P. Sheldon (23 ft.), Inter-Collegiate winner.

Putting the Weight.—G. R. Gray (47 ft.), champion.

Throwing the Hammer.—J. S. Mitchell (145 ft. ¾ in.), champion.

I am informed that the cricket match between the Blackheath Harriers and the South London Harriers will be held at the Catford Sports Ground on Sept. 25 next. The match will only last from 3 to 6 p.m., but following it there will be three athletic events, a long jump, a 120 yards for members of both clubs, and a 1000 yards steeplechase confined to the Blackheathens.

FOOTBALL.

The season proper opened in a blaze of glory, and the heat which characterised the first week's matches only teaches us yet again that it would be better all-round if cricket extended to the middle of September and football began the first week in October.

It is, of course, full early yet to discuss form, but, so far as the Football League is concerned, I am not afraid to hazard the opinion that the championship of the First Division may rest between Sunderland and Aston Villa; while, in the Second Division, Liverpool, Notts County, and Woolwich Arsenal may settle the question between them.

The lady footballers have burst out again. We thought that we had seen the last of these athletic eccentrics, but evidently there is to be another dose of them, which will be justified if the public care to attend the melancholy functions.

I thought the palpable lesson had been taught last year that ladies cannot play football, never will be able to, and would do themselves no good if they could. It is to be suspected that the mask has been torn off the British Ladies' Football Club, and that it now stands revealed in its true light—a purely money-making concern. OLYMPIAN.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I have a last opportunity of referring to the St. Leger, but there is no need to alter my opinion, long since expressed, that Sir Visto will win. I know the Kingsclere people are sweet on the chances of Matchmaker. I also know that Lord Alington has backed the colt to win him a respectable stake; but, taking the book for it, the race is a good thing for Sir Visto, unless Curzon runs more generously than he does sometimes. Baron Hirsch's half-bred is, without a doubt, a smasher when in the humour, and he is very likely to get a place, while Butterfly may be either second or third.

Grumbling is becoming quite the order of the day with the big bookmakers, who say the public have now reduced racing to such a fine science that it is practically impossible for any layer to bet round. True, the backers have had a fine innings lately, because the going has been good, and many of the winners of handicaps have been easily found. There is, however, no getting over the patent fact that the majority of the big pencillers live in fine houses, drive tasty horses, and live high. Who pays the piper?

A recent important legal decision has once more opened up the ground for the coupon contests, and already these are once more in full swing. It may not be generally known that some men become madly infatuated over these mathematical problems, and I am assured that in one of the contests no fewer than 240 of the coupons bore the same name and address. To complete the story, I should add that the whole 240 were losers. At the same time, the sender was really on a 50 to 1 chance in all.

I wonder some enterprising firm does not start a race-meeting at Bristol. I believe it would pay well. Of course, twenty years or more ago, there were races held at Bristol, but the locals at that time of day were not educated up to that branch of sport. Now, however, the case is altered, and I am convinced a meeting at Bristol, dovetailed between the Bath and Salisbury fixtures, would pay well. The railway arrangements are now so improved that the Newmarket horses could easily get to the scene in time for racing each day.

Now that the weights for the Autumn Handicaps have been issued, racing-men have plenty to talk about. One thing is evident: the winners of the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire will take some finding, despite the croakings of the critics, who, of course, as usual, pick holes in Major Egerton's handiwork. I think both races are best left alone until the acceptances are published. These, I may say, are issued by Messrs. Weatherby as regularly as clockwork each year just on the stroke of 2.30 p.m. on the St. Leger day.

It is with much pleasure I learn that Mr. Duff is not going to retire from the Turf. He has Cloister, and one or two more jumpers, under Mr. Linde's charge at the Curragh. We should be all glad to see Cloister given a chance once more for the Grand National; and if he were again successful in the great cross-country event, both horse and owner would receive a big reception. It may be that the grand going of the Curragh will bring the old champion's legs all right again. Anyway, we should like to see him carrying silk at Aintree once more.

Alexandra Park is given a one-day fixture on the last day of the Doncaster week. This is as it should be. It is all very well for the big gamblers and regular sporting reporters to say that four days on the Town Moor is enough for one week. What about the little sportsmen in the Metropolis who cannot spare the time and money to go to Doncaster? They can and will patronise the Alexandra Park meeting in their thousands, and, what is more, they will be quite content with the sport to be shown on the Wood Green slopes.

It may interest the passengers who now travel so smoothly down to the several race-meetings on the S.W.R. line to learn how certain travellers fared on the same line in 1839. The following appeared in the *Times* of July 9, 1839:—On the arrival of the half-past eight o'clock train at the Kingston Station of the London and Southampton Railway (now London and South Western), where upwards of fifty passengers were waiting to be conveyed to town, it was found that there was not room for one of them, the number of carriages, which ought to have been increased on a Monday morning, having been reduced below the usual average. As Kingston was then considered the very best station on the railway, it disappointed many who had to be at public offices by a certain time, and on a better-managed railway the inconvenience would easily have been obviated by keeping one or two spare carriages at the different stations.

The more serious charge remains to be made. On a spare truck, twenty-one passengers were wedged, and twelve were clustered outside a large coach. Several were obliged to sit round and on this truck, and a respectable female underneath the body of the coach. None of the passengers will readily forget the sensation occasioned by the passengers on the top of the coach stooping when passing under the lower bridges—the most trifling jerk or the slightest giddiness or nervousness would have occasioned a fearful accident. The disappointment of the passengers at Kingston, and the dangerous way the coach and truck were loaded, appeared to afford the greatest amusement to the superintendents.

The telegraphic business connected with racing is becoming very large, and I shall be surprised if a new record is not created at Doncaster this week.

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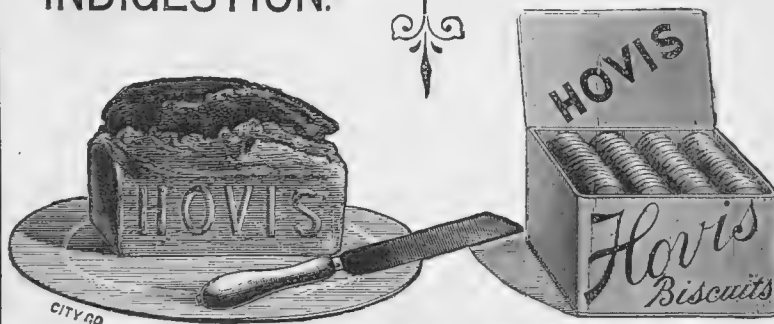
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OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Probably, it is due mainly to the exigencies of the piece, but, let the cause be what it may, the fact remains that the first two new plays of the season are distinguished by the extreme simplicity of the gowns worn therein, and we must wait till a little later for the glories of last season's stage dresses to be renewed. They had almost reached their zenith when the holidays shut them from us, and now it will take them some little time to arrive at the same pitch of excellence. In "The Swordsman's Daughter," at the Adelphi, for instance, Miss Millward, the heroine, is the only one appearing in modern fashionable dress, and, though her gowns are charming, as usual, they are not distinguished by any particular novelty. For the first two acts she appears in a plain skirt of dark-blue serge, which is worn with a dainty bodice of pale forget-me-not blue glacé silk, the front opening slightly over a vest of tucked white lawn and écarlé insertion, and itself having at each side near the waist the half of a true-lovers' knot in appliqué guipure. There is a lace collar, too, cut out in square tabs, and continued into revers, and the full pleats of the bodice front, which form a slight pouch, are caught at the top with two rows of minute pearl buttons. Miss Millward also wears a wide-brimmed hat, of coarse tan straw, with a chimney-pot crown, around which goes a plain band of black velvet, tying in a wide bow at the back—a hat which, after the overstocked flower-gardens which have constituted our headgear lately, is positively refreshing in its absolute simplicity.

For the great fencing scene this dress is changed for an evening gown of black poult-de-soie, as to the skirt; while the bodice is a foam of black chiffon, glittering with jet, and the only touches of colour being a waist-band of vivid-green velvet, into which is tucked a great cluster of pink roses and dark-hued violets. Next in order comes a silver-grey cloth skirt, worn with a bodice of grey chiffon, arranged in minute tucks at each side. There is no collar, the throat being left quite bare, though at each side there is a graceful jabot arrangement of mellow-tinted lace, this being followed by a *matinée* of white crêpon, with transparent sleeves of chiffon, and a curious, hood-like arrangement of lace. And so ends the short category of the Adelphi gowns.

At the Garrick, we have only the cottons and muslins which the climate of "Alabama" demands, and certainly they acquire a reflected charm from the wealth of glorious flowers which make almost every scene a positive delight to the eye. Miss Marion Terry is content with a simple white muslin dress, banded at the waist with satin, and crowned sometimes with a Leghorn hat bedecked with white tulle and white glacé ribbon; and then she has also a loosely hanging tea-gown of pale-blue glacé silk, with a long-ended frilled fichu of white chiffon, the same soft fabric forming a cascade at the side of the full, puffed sleeves. There is a perfectly charming girl, Miss Miller, who is a picture of youthful rustic beauty in blue-and-white and pink-and-white cotton respectively, her saucy face and dark eyes shining out betimes from a shady white sun-bonnet. Nor must I forget a tall, graceful woman, Miss Keith Wakeman, who makes a delightful picture in a pale-yellow crêpon dress, with braces of black velvet, and a white Leghorn hat, wide-brimmed and square-crowned, and trimmed simply with a black velvet band and bow. As I have said before, this idyllic simplicity is quite charming—given such exquisite pastoral surroundings—but it is not for the dwellers in great cities, where, though the heat may be great, the dust is greater.

However, at the Royalty, "The Chili Widow," in the person of Miss Violet Vanbrugh, provides us with something more akin to our own tastes and necessities, and her piquant sister, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, assists in the good work. Miss Violet presents us first with a delightful travelling-dress of soft pale-grey cloth, the skirt having a full, pleated panel of white cloth let in at each side, and the bodice being trimmed to match with square revers, each adorned with three cut-steel buttons, a tiny white cuff, too, finishing the sleeves. To complete the costume, there is a very original cape of the grey cloth, just short enough to

show the waist at the back, while in front there are long stole-ends falling to the hem of the skirt; and the fascinating widow's headgear consists of a hat of rough yellow straw, the brim veiled with creamy lace and yellow, white, and green silk poppies, broad-bladed grass, and dark violets being massed together for trimming, a touch, too, of brilliant blue being introduced under the brim at the back, in the shape of a great satin chou. For the second act, where she distinguishes herself by sitting on the electric bells, Miss Violet Vanbrugh has a wonderfully effective dress of pink mirror moiré, with broad braces of closely clustering steel sequins, crossed at the back, and, in front, continued with short tabs below the waist, a soft drapery of mellow-tinted lace, which falls from yoke to waist at each side, acting as an excellent foil to the glittering brightness. A black velvet collar-band, and a touch of velvet on the shoulders—which, by the way, are closely gathered, leaving the elbow-puffs to start only when they have been thoroughly accentuated—are clever finishing touches, and the crowning one is given by a wonderful bonnet with spreading Mercury wings of jet and steel in front, and at the back a black-and-white aigrette, rising from a cluster of shaded pink roses, some full-blown yellow roses occupying the same position at the other side. And, lastly, a white muslin gown, the skirt bordered with a deep flounce of pale-yellow net, enriched with an appliqué edging of lace, and the bodice rejoicing in great elbow-sleeves of grass-green velvet, and a gracefully draped fichu of muslin and lace.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh has only two gowns, but they make up in quality what they lack in quantity. White glacé silk, striped narrowly with pale-pink satin, is the material of the first, in conjunction with white glacé silk, almost covered with a shower of faint-hued pink roses and tender leaves, which composes the puffed elbow-sleeves. The bodice itself, which is cut in a slight square at the throat, is of pink silk, veiled with white chiffon, and banded across the corsage with two broad pleats of the striped silk, divided by the transparency of white chiffon without its rosy lining. Add a Leghorn hat, trimmed with pink and crimson roses and knots of vividly blue ribbon, and this picture is complete. The next consists of a gown of palest eau-de-Nil silk, with a line-stripe in black alternating with a broader stripe in white, embroidered with a wee floral design in pink and green, the waist being encircled with a draped band of white satin, drawn at each side through a jet buckle. The bodice, of accordion-pleated chiffon in an equally delicate shade of green, falls loosely in front, though it fits tightly at the back, and it has a very original collar of white piqué cut out in a number of points and squares and embroidered with soft pink-and-green silk, studded with diamonds and rubies galore, to say nothing of gold and silver sequins, and an edging of black

baby-ribbon velvet sewn with gold paillettes. This combination of silk, chiffon, and piqué is an uncommon as well as an effective one, and the original effect is heightened by a hat of softest straw in a wonderful shade of greenish blue, with bows of shot-ribbon of a somewhat brighter hue, a cluster of shaded grasses, and one great damask rose with its encircling leaves. Naturally, I was very grateful to "The Chili Widow," but my appetite for fashions was not appeased, and so I went off to Jay's to enjoy the feast which is always spread there for our delectation.

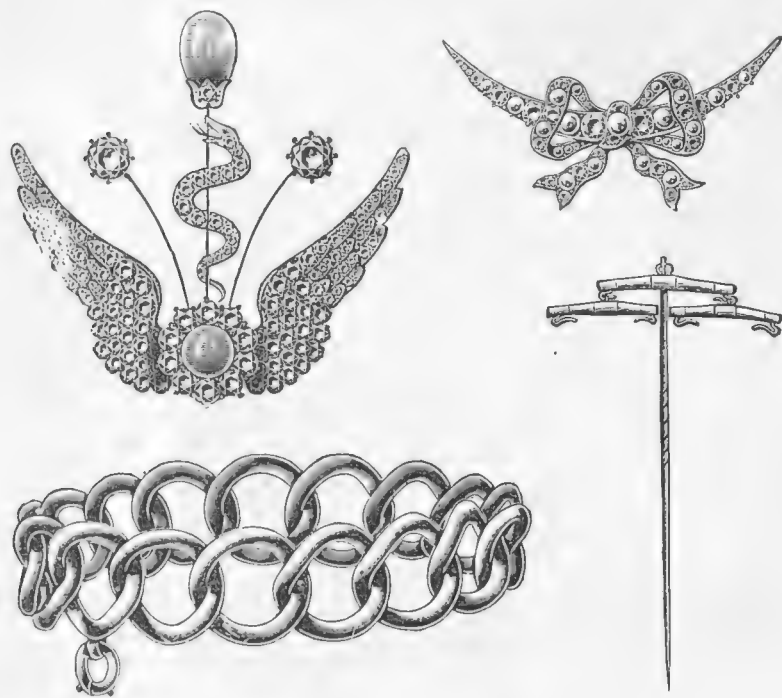
The first item on the bill of fare was a lovely gown for lovely Madame Calvé, which I promptly had sketched for you, both for its own sake and the fame of its wearer. It has a skirt of yellow poult-de-soie, and a bodice of white over yellow chiffon, the soft draperies caught in the centre of the corsage by one giant rose, with black velvet petals and exquisite green leaves, and held in at the waist by a band of white satin, drawn through two pearl-and-diamond buckles at the back, and then, after a seemingly careless knot, left free to fall in long, graceful ends far down the skirt. Shimmering braces of pearls and diamonds strike another note in a chord of perfect harmony; and then the sleeves are a dream of beauty and chiffon, with a cascade frill, finely accordion-pleated, falling down the centre of the cloudy puffings. The bodice is quite high at the back, a ruffling of chiffon forming a background for the neck; while in front it is left open, and merely caught at each side with a pearl button, encircled with diamonds.



A GOWN FOR MADAME CALVÉ.

But this was by no means all, for the next thing which greeted me was a white satin gown, on which steel sequins had been showered with a generous hand near the waist, though further down the skirt the allowance was less liberal, and the silver shower finally terminated just below the knee in a series of vandykes. At the back, the plain satin was arranged in full pleats, caught together at the top by two silver-sewn ears of satin; and then came a plain, draped bodice of the satin, the décolletage outlined in front with a ruffling of black tulle, while, above it, showing the gleam of the white skin between, a band of green satin, fastened with three silver buckles, crossed the bust. Black tulle sleeves and a corsage-bouquet of pink and white roses completed a gown which was, indeed, an inspiration, the novel arrangement of the bodice being wonderfully successful. But even this vision of loveliness was overshadowed by a "picture"-dress of white silk, with a line-stripe of satin, this very dainty material composing the entire gown, including the sleeves, where the long cuffs, with their ruffling of chiffon, coyly hid the hand, while the fulness at the top was slashed up the centre with a cascade of chiffon, to show the arm between; for this was an evening dress, please note, and the bodice was cut quite low, a black chiffon fichu, softly-frilled, being drawn round the shoulders, and caught in front with a loose bunch of full-blown pink roses. But it remained still for me to be introduced to a crowning masterpiece in the shape of a green satin skirt, the bodice partially veiled with white tulle, ruffled together in front, and fastened by three diamond buckles, while a pointed collar thickly embroidered with great turquoises was the last touch of genius. As to the sleeves, they were of white chiffon, falling right off the shoulders, which were crossed by straps of green satin bordered with turquoises, and in the centre of the corsage was loosely fastened a bunch of Iceland poppies. The very natural consequence of this peep at forthcoming glories was that I yearned for still more splendour, and felt it my pleasant duty to go in search of jewels worthy of crowning such attire. I got Messrs. Wilson and Gill to show me some of their treasures, and tried to imagine myself the possessor of those Maison Jay creations and a necklace of superb diamonds, the value of which was the trifling sum of £6,000! My fancy lightly strayed then to a new hair or corsage ornament, where, surmounting a gold (detachable) sword, with a diamond sheath protecting the point, there came two Mercury wings in diamonds, guarding a huge pearl set with diamonds, while above it rose a Mercury's wand, round which a diamond serpent had coiled itself, with the object, presumably, of reaching the great pearl at the top.

There, too, you can feast your eyes upon a pearl necklace, where each perfect pearl is divided by a wee diamond, strung through in bead fashion; while, to take a huge jump down to more modest prices, as I did when the glamour of imagination began to wear off, who could possibly resist that diamond-and-pearl crescent, with a true-lovers' knot tied in the centre, when £6 10s. would purchase it?—certainly no one who had an amenable husband or lover to anticipate her wishes and carry



out her commands; while a magnificent gold snaffle bracelet for £4 15s. will also find many admirers, I am quite certain. You can reward the afore-said husband or lover (if you feel inclined to spend the modest sum of £1 7s. 6d.) with a sporting pin, where red enamel and gold compose the three bars. On the other hand, if the adornment of your house is as much to you as the decoration of your person, there are some white Coal-port candle-lamps of the melon ware variety, in which touches of gold are introduced, and where the shade is also of the white china, which are perfectly lovely in cool purity; while on no account must you miss some glass claret-jugs, fashioned in the form of ducks—round, fat ducks; long, lean ducks; and medium ducks, with silver heads (forming the lids) and cunning little glass eyes, the whole resting, in orthodox fashion, on their little glass feet.

FLORENCE.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. Oswald Crawford's enthusiasm for dialogue as a method of fiction is well known. If he didn't invent it, so far as England is concerned, he did a great deal to induce it to take up its home with us, appealing to it to come forward, and encouraging its appearance generously. In *Black and White* and in *Chapman's Magazine* he gave and gives it an honoured place, and now the result of his careful fostering may be seen in the collection which he edits, "Dialogues of the Day," published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Many of the authors of the dialogues are well known as writers of society fiction. Mr. Anthony Hope is among them, of course, and with him are Mrs. Crackanthorpe, Miss Clara Savile-Clarke, Miss Violet Hunt, Miss Marion Hepworth Dixon, and Mr. Crawford himself.

Singly, they are mostly amusing; as a whole, they are a little monotonous. But, independent of the question whether they reach a very high literary standard, their collected publication is exceedingly useful. Nearly all the writers seem to be of accord as to the limitations of the form. Three-fourths at least of the dialogues deal with the one little slice of society that calls itself the "smart" set. Sordid love entanglements, very temporary episodes of the affections of the senses, and bills supply the material of by far the greater number; honest but very commonplace sentiment that of the rest. A slangy cynicism is the prevailing tone. Mr. Anthony Hope's, however, are always good-humoured as well as graceful. Mrs. Crackanthorpe attempts something in the way of farce, and in Mrs. Alfred Hunt's comedy there is a suggestion of extreme severity, if not cruelty. But there are not many variations in mood any more than in theme, and hardly any in background.

Do only the "smart" set talk well? But they don't talk well, as these dialogues show—at least, not wittily. They have extreme agility of mind where their own interests and the externals of life are concerned: and it is this agility, expressing itself in ellipses, in contradictions, as often as in direct words, that the dialogue-writer seizes hold of. Other sets might serve his turn in other ways. Mr. Anstey knows that the middle class is an unexhausted mine. Every little division of society is a field for the satirist or comedian, if he knows it intimately enough, and if his hand be light. Children might furnish fascinating material for the unsentimental lover and observer of them. They would, in dialogue, perhaps have a chance of being faithfully presented; for the "described" child in fiction is generally a sorry failure. At least, Mr. Crawford's collection, very amusing on the whole, makes one think that, if the new form is to stay and be popular, it must invade new regions and express more varied moods.

The novelist keeps pace with Cook's agency. Not a strip of inhabited land but he will soon have invaded, will have taken its local colour, and made it serve for purposes of fiction. "Kaffir Stories" (Unwin's "Autonym Series") is about the last venture of the traveller-novelist. The tales have the interest of novelty, at least, and there is good stuff in them, hardly made the most of, perhaps. I have found them pretty stiff reading, especially the portions that concern the white man.

Mr. Carleton Dawe, in his "Yellow and White" (Lane), manages to make his tales of intercourse between the coloured races and Europeans of livelier interest. This intercourse, with its effect of contrast, of attraction, and irreconcilable aversion, is his main theme. "The love of the white for the yellow" is not instinctive, but it is born mysteriously, says Mr. Dawe, when, and lasts as long as

"Music and laughter make mellow
The long Eastern night."

Of the fascination of his unfamiliar heroines he makes us quite convinced, and the more readily because of the tragically dangerous atmosphere into which they step when they fall under the charm of some blue-eyed European wanderer. Their stories are mostly sad ones, some of them dark and cruel. In their telling there is a curious mixture of a rough-and-ready traveller's narrative and excellent expression of the mysterious beauty of the East.

The Hero as a Man of Letters has an eloquent illustration in Maurus Jokai's "Literary Recollections," which he has contributed to the *Forum*. In contrast to the weak, puling accents in which too many literary autobiographies are written, Jokai speaks with a loud, proud voice, glories in his career of patriot and writer, and, with childlike honesty, bates no jot of his own worth any more than that of his friends. At seventy years old he can say, "I can perfectly support the burden of work, rejoice in happiness, brave danger, and trust in the future." Pessimism, cynicism, dyspepsia, melancholia, are all far from him, as far as that doubtfully valuable sense of humour which forbids persons of a less full vitality from taking themselves so seriously. "I have supported," he writes, "all the disasters destiny can inflict, and I have tasted all its favours. . . . More than any other mortal, perhaps, I have been loved and hated." And his learning is in proportion to his vast experiences and achievements. "I undertook the profound and complete study of the history of my people, as well as that of the universe. . . . I know all the vegetable kingdom by name, and I have a magnificent collection of Conchifera." You smile as you read, but you nevertheless feel like throwing your cap in the air for joy that the making of hundreds of romances, the constant compiling, imagining, and scribbling of half a century, have not been enough to reduce the fire of this lusty spirit.

O. O.

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PARLIAMENT.

BY A "RASH RADICAL."

India, poor, neglected India, has, as usual, come in for the last odd corner of Parliamentary time. The House of Commons never did care about Indian questions, and, though I have assisted for a brief period at many Indian Budgets, I can never recall an audience of, I should say, more than thirty or forty members. To these gentlemen, or, perhaps, to half of them, India is something, to the rest of the House of Commons it means nothing at all. All the picturesqueness, the poetry, the vast historical and racial problems that India suggests, disappears on the green benches, and you have instead a mumbled recital of misunderstood figures, a bald and unenlightened sketch of problems that no one seems able to present with clearness, with grasp, with insight, or with sympathy. The only man who could have made India interesting was Mr. Gladstone, and he never was Indian Secretary. As for

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON,

he is rather under than above the average of the humbler official. Moreover, he is, as was Sir Henry Fowler before him, unduly optimistic, and he has about him that glib and rather exasperating official contempt for all the more serious aspects of Indian troubles which enrages men like Sir William Wedderburn, who really feel strongly about Indian questions, and are deeply concerned with the future of our Empire. I must say that this year Lord George Hamilton has been in an uncommonly awkward fix. He has made himself responsible for a thoroughly dangerous frontier policy in the retention of Chitral, and he has been obliged to go back on the vague half-promise the Government made on the cotton duties. Lord George is not an ideal man either to announce a strong policy or to tread warily in the making of an awkward concession. He is a thin, unconvincing speaker, and a certain cold harshness—that I always think belongs to his family and which marks the speaking style of his abler brother, Lord Claud—unfits Lord George for any great Parliamentary rôle. Both he and Mr. Balfour were particularly unhappy about Lancashire, and unhappy they have every right to be. A more cynical betrayal of election pledges I have never known than that involved in the throwing over of Lancashire. Seat after seat was won at the last election on the promise and belief that the Government would be no sooner seated in power than the cotton duties would go. If I am not mistaken, there will be a heavy vengeance taken for this betrayal when Lancashire gets a chance.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AND HIS ALLIES.

For the rest the closing scenes of this singularly short Session were marked by a curious encounter between Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. Sir Ellis, like Mr. Bowles, is one of the excluded Tories, one of the gentlemen who have had to make room for Mr. Chamberlain. One would have thought that common prudence would have dictated to the successful statesman who has planted his friends in the midst of the Tory preserves a little discretion in addressing the gentlemen whom he has excluded from office. Both Sir Ellis and Mr. Bowles have shown a disposition to be critical of Mr. Chamberlain, and "Joe's" temper is not exactly that of a Sister of Mercy. Whether it was wise to snub Sir Ellis with the ferocity that Mr. Chamberlain showed over a South African question, is somewhat doubtful. Certainly these little amenities will not be forgotten. Ever since the Government was formed there have been growlings at the Carlton and in the Lobbies; and Mr. Chamberlain's attitude—the masterful way in which he announces his own policy and dominates in many ways the Tory position—have made all the excluded Tories and many of the included ones resent this at the hands of the new driver, who has swung himself on the box, taken the reins, and is flourishing the whip as if he had had the Tory team in hand all his life. Up to the present, Mr. Chamberlain has undoubtedly been successful. His policy of opening up the Colonies is popular with the merchants and may carry him far. It is his relations with new friends, his attempt to make all sorts of crude schemes of social reform run in Tory channels, which are likely to secure him his first decided check, and it will require considerable adroitness and tact to avoid this. However, he is a masterful man, and it will be interesting to see whether the driving power which put him in his present place will sustain him in the many personal jealousies and the deep inner distrust that beset him among the rank and file of his allies.

A clever device has just been invented for signalling orders to drivers of broughams, hansoms, and such-like vehicles. It is called the "Route Indicator," and consists of two dial-plates, one of which, with a spring and bell, faces the driver, while a corresponding dial faces the fare, the two being connected by a cord, manipulated by the passenger. When the occupant of the carriage desires to direct the driver, he adjusts the indicator up and down until the pointer is opposite the direction required, such as "Home," "Stop," "Slow," or "Drive on." Simultaneously, the bell on the exterior instrument rings, and the pointer moves to the indication corresponding to that of the dial in the interior of the carriage, and, by the aid of a spring, it is secured in any desired position. This appliance was awarded a gold medal at the recent Newcastle Health Exhibition. One was affixed to each of the official carriages at the Royal Agricultural Show recently held at Darlington, and gave great satisfaction.

PARLIAMENT.

BY A "CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

Parliament was prorogued on Thursday, and for five months there is no Parliamentary check upon the new Ministry. Much will be done in these five months. The Government is pledged as yet to no programme for the opening of next Session, and the Irish Land Bill is the only measure which must have the foremost place. For the next few months we may expect rumour after rumour as to the rest of the legislative programme, but nothing authoritative is likely to leak out before the December Cabinet Councils. It was in just such an interval, ten years ago, that Mr. Gladstone made up his mind, without his colleagues knowing it, to adopt Home Rule. But there is hardly a likelihood of any such split occurring in the Unionist Party now. In 1885, the Liberals and Home Rulers were in a majority of 172 over the Conservatives, but, if the Irish voted with the latter, the House was equally divided. That was what made Mr. Gladstone give in, and the Liberal dissentients at once became a separate organisation. There is not much prospect of anything analogous occurring now, or of any organisation of Tory or Unionist dissentients forming itself in the early months of 1896. At the same time, it is worth pointing out that, should any revolutionary measure be sprung upon the Party, even our enormous majority might disappear as easily as did Mr. Gladstone's of 172 in 1885. If the Liberal Unionists were to split off, the Conservatives would be in a majority only of twelve, and a very small Conservative "cave" would soon do away with that. It must be remembered also that, in the present anæmic state of the (once) Liberal Party, there will be every inducement to reorganise an Opposition upon other than the old party lines. It may be said of a Parliamentary Opposition, as Voltaire said of the Deity, that, if it does not exist, it must be invented.

DANGERS AHEAD.

Moreover, it must be remembered that, if danger comes, it may come in two ways. There is a possibility of offending some people by the legislation which is introduced, and others by the non-introduction of measures to which they stand pledged. The outburst of Lord Wemyss in the House of Lords the other day represents, for whatever it is worth, the fear of the Liberty and Property Defence League that a semi-Socialistic régime has set in; and the Old Tories, who are all influential people in their way, are undoubtedly in a state of unrest, and would like very much to see Lord Salisbury "do nothing." On the other hand, there are free-lances in the House of Commons, like Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett (who is not the absolute ninny some people try to make out), and Mr. Bowles (about the most brilliant "outsider" in the Unionist Party), who have already shown that they do not mean to let officialism have everything its own way if they can help it. The little tiffs which these members have already had with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Curzon might easily develop. I hope they will not. At any rate, I merely note two possible tendencies which have not yet become marked. The dangers will not arise until they do.

THE WAR OFFICE.

The debate on the reforms of the War Office cannot be said to have satisfied the military members of the House that the much-vaunted new scheme will be so very much better than the old. With a Commander-in-Chief on one side and a Secretary of State on the other, and with no less than three consultative boards, one consisting of a Cabinet Committee, and the other two of various army officials, there is plenty of scope in the new scheme for muddling, meddling, and peddling, without the real responsibility being able to be brought home to anyone in particular. The debate was remarkable for the speech made by Mr. Balfour, who had not been much known as an Army Reformer; and Mr. Balfour's speech was remarkable because nearly every argument he brought forward in favour of reform was really directed against the new scheme which he was supporting.

INDIA AND THE EMPIRE.

An Indian debate always ends up the summer Session. Lord George Hamilton, who goes back to the India Office after twenty years, made a very good show on all the subjects discussed. Mr. Balfour also intervened to declare against a removal of the cotton duties, and to repeat his faith in Bimetallism as the cure for the fall of the rupee. One of Mr. Balfour's sentences on the former subject I must quote, as it sums up very finely his statesmanlike attitude towards Imperial questions. Somebody had been saying that we must remember that we govern India for the benefit of India. "Yes," replied Mr. Balfour, "but that does not mean that we are never to regard the interests of anybody but the inhabitants of India. I believe the British Empire is one great organisation existing for the benefit of its members in whatever part of the world they may live, and it appears to me to be as extreme and untrue a statement to say that the Indian Government is never to have regard to the interests of England, as to say that the English Government is never to have regard to the interests of India. It is evident that both the Governments of India and of England are bound to consider not merely their own interests, but the interests of the vast Empire of which they are both members." That is a truly Imperial view surely, with which nobody either in Bombay or Lancashire can quarrel.

CITIZAN: What do you think is the hardest thing to raise on a farm?

HAYSEDE: The money to work it.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Sept. 7, 1895.

The long-expected issue of the shares of Barnato's Bank came off on Monday. It simply consisted of the sale by a syndicate or pool of a big parcel of shares, which they took at 2, at as much as they could get the British public to give for them; and so skilfully had the market been tantalised that, when the shares were actually offered, there was quite a rage for a time, and 40,000 of them went like hot cakes at nearly 4.

Then there was rather a cold fit, and the next morning this increased almost to a frost; but the pool was out by that time.

Mines have not been so active this week, and other markets, especially Home Rails and Yankees, profited accordingly. In the former, the increase of $\frac{1}{2}$ in the Caledonian dividend sent up "Coras" to nearly 55. It really looks as if they would go to 60, according to the prognostication which we mentioned the week before last.

Americans, which were very strong and active early in the week, fell off yesterday, and, for a time, were very flat on the apparent failure of the Haute Finance Syndicate to "put back the tides of the sea" and keep gold in the leaky Treasury of the United States. How thankful we ought to be that America still submits to government by the stupidest. With her enormous natural advantages—unlimited land, a national debt, army, and navy too insignificant to count, abundant immigration, and *no foreign policy*—America ought to "chaw up" European competition in every market in the world; but, thanks to her laws and the way they are administered, even an overburdened country like England feels the competition of worse-overburdened Germany more than the competition of America, even in the latter's own markets.

The great Khama of Bamangwato, to whose projected visit we referred—with, perhaps, too much levity—on the 28th ult., has now landed. We trust that this really great man will, both at present and in the future, receive at the hands of England a welcome befitting his high character and dignity, and treatment that will show all Africa that the great English nation is not unmindful of one who, through evil report and good report, has never flinched from his friendship for England or his faith in English fairness.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE NORTH WHITE FEATHER CONSOLIDATED GOLD-MINES, LIMITED, with a capital of £225,000, divided into £90,000 prefs. and £135,000 ordinaries, proposes to work ninety-six acres adjoining McAuliffe's White Feather Reward, for which it is giving £170,000. The company is floated by the West Australian Trust.

SELUKWE CONSOLIDATED, LIMITED (RHODESIA), with a capital of £170,000 (and power to increase), is going to purchase, for £130,000, 180 gold-mining reef claims, 30,000 acres of farm lands, and two town stands in Buluwayo, and will develop, work, or sell off same. The company is promoted by those who successfully floated Rhodesia, Limited, and Rhodesian Claims, Limited, but it would have a better chance if there had not been such a number of similar companies before it. The public really ought not to subscribe any more capital for undertakings of this kind till some of those already floated are tested by results.

THE BAMBOO CREEK GOLD-MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, with a capital of £100,000, proposes to purchase for £75,000 and carry on four mining properties and a small five-head crushing battery, &c., in the Pilbarra District of Western Australia, which is said to have no scarcity of water. There are some fairly favourable but very inadequate reports. The map has no scale, and nothing to show whether the dotted lines are or are not intended to represent the lines or supposed lines of reef, so that it is difficult or impossible to ascertain from the prospectus the length of reef the company is to acquire. The price seems too large, and the working capital too small. The prospectus is quite silent as to fuel and labour, and the only *thorough* portion of it, in our opinion, is the waiver clause.

DETROIT AND MACKINAC RAILWAY COMPANY offer at par, through Messrs. Heineman, 900,000 dollars, part of 1,500,000 dollars, 4 per cent. first lien gold bonds, repayable in a hundred years. The company was organised, under the laws of Michigan, last December to purchase the Detroit Bay City and Alpena Railroad, but the prospectus does not say whether this purchase has or has not been carried out, nor whether there are any prior charges on any portions of the line. It states, however, that, since the incorporation of the company, the Alpena and Northern Railroad has been bought, but the price is not stated. The form of the bond is given. It is a mere shell, to be filled in by reference to a mortgage deed, a copy of which can be inspected at the offices of Messrs. Heineman and Co.

THE WESTERN WITWATERSRAND EXPLORATION COMPANY, LIMITED, is to have a capital of £300,000 in £1 shares, but £100,000 of it "will be held in reserve for future issue," and the strange announcement is made that "negotiations are in progress with important firms to take the whole of the reserve issue at various prices." If these "important firms" are willing to give "various prices" at and above par, why do they not take the present issue, which is offered at par? If the "various prices" mean under par, how about the section which makes it illegal to issue shares at a discount? The purchase price of the properties to be acquired is "102,500 shares and £17,500 in cash, the latter representing the repayment of moneys already disbursed to the

original owners of the properties." So, apparently, the properties have been bought by the promoters for £17,500, and are being sold to the company for £120,000!

THE CONSORT DEEP LEVEL GOLD MINES, LIMITED, is to be issued next Thursday, we understand, and, from the private information about the property which we have received, we are inclined to think that it may do well if it is not over-capitalised.

THE WALWORTH GOLD MINE, LIMITED, with a capital of £80,000, proposes to sink £65,000 of it in fifteen acres adjoining the "Westward Ho!", near Coolgardie. We cannot recommend the concern.

THE V.V. (GWANDA) SYNDICATE, LIMITED, with a capital of £75,000, proposes to acquire 215 gold-mining claims in an awfully out-of-the-way place, seventy-five miles from Buluwayo. It is foolish to rush capital into these un-get-at-able places, pending the increase of railway facilities and good roads.

THE FINANCE CORPORATION OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA, LIMITED, "was formed about nine months ago," when "the directors and their friends subscribed for a number of Priority Certificates"—whatever they may be—"carrying 20 per cent. preferential dividend." No copy of the memorandum of association accompanies the prospectus, so we cannot say how many of these priority certificates exist, nor what "position of greater freedom and less responsibility" they occupy; but the prospectus admits they are to have the "call" of any additional shares that may be issued, and apparently they are to draw 20 per cent. income before the shareholders get a penny. Under the circumstances, we advise all those who have been foolish enough to apply for shares instantly to withdraw their applications.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a *nom-de-guerre* under which the desired answer may be published. Should no *nom-de-guerre* be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CYCLE PRESS.—May be all right, but, judging from the prospectus, it is hardly an investment we should recommend. We do not advise you to hold, but probably you will have to do so. There is not likely to be any market for the shares.

S. J. C.—Letter received. The report is encouraging—first reports often are, but we hardly think we should hold the shares. Anyone can make the stuff, so competition is likely to increase, and profits to decrease. We may, however, be wrong.

W. J. W.—We cannot at present advise you to do business with Messrs. Douglas, Hungerford, and Williams. Although they put "Established 1879" on their circulars, we cannot find their names at all in the Kelly's Post-Office Directory, and we understand they have only been at their present address about two months. The photograph in one of their pamphlets appears to indicate that the whole, or, at least, a large portion, of 5, Copthall Buildings, is in their occupation, and that their names are blazoned all across the front. This is not so. They only occupy offices in the "Lower Basement," and their names do not appear anywhere on the outside of the building. We presume they are American gentlemen, and that their offices in London are a mere branch, but we are making further inquiries.

CHELSEA.—We do not see much amiss with your list. We should think the New York Centrals must be debentures, not "shares." You might do worse than invest in some of the new issue of preference shares of the Car Trust Investment Company, Limited.

AFRICA.—By the Correspondence Rules (which appear above) we are not permitted to answer anonymous inquiries.

GRATEFUL.—We have received your letter, and fear we cannot help you. Those who cannot do without high interest must generally run some risk.

DERWENT.—If we are right in assuming that the letter which we have received under this signature is not from the Right Hon. H. V. Bempde-Johnstone, first Baron Derwent, we must remind our correspondent that it is impossible for us to reply to any communications not verified by the name and address of the correspondent. Pending the receipt of this, we warn him to do nothing in regard to the matter about which he writes.

ANXIOUS.—It is not possible for us, in the space at our disposal, to advise a single correspondent as to twenty-five different investments. So large an order must be a matter of private arrangement, and we have written to you on the subject.

A. P. F.—Letter received. We are writing to you privately, but you have not complied with the rules.

W. D.—We hope you have received our letter sent by post.

NEMO.—Thank you for your kind observations. On the whole, we think the chances are more in favour of the shares going better than relapsing; but there are some difficulties in the situation, and much depends on how they are handled, and on the general prosperity of the Rand Gold-mining industry. It might be wise to sell half and keep half.

"The Queen's London" is the title of an album of London pictures to be issued in twelve parts by Messrs. Cassell and Co. The views are very well done.